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FEBRUARY 24, 1975 75 CENTS

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Datsun Saves

CONTENTS

FEBRUARY 24, 1975 Volume 42, No. 8

Cover photograph by Lane Stewart

20 Lowdown on the Top Dogs

Livest bases the dog world with some authorities, notably Arthur Haggerty, speaking out for more emphasis on the animals' behavior, less on showy appearance. Meanwhile, amid yelps for change in the AKC, the shows go on. Haggerty assesses the most important of them all—the Westminster

by Robert M. Boyke



Arnold Green

24 **Pleasure Foolish and Forgone**

Two outstanding horses, both champions in 1974, win impressively at Hialeah

by Whitney Tower

26 True Grit to the Last Lap

Sprint-car drivers storm around the dirt track at Tampa in a spirited farewell

by Brock Yates

28 These Vikings Were Steelier

Minnesota won a war but lost the battle of World Series and Super Bowl teams

by Richard W. Johnston

32 The Magic Is Inside

Indoor track and field throbs with a special quality. In Intimacy jacking outdoors

Drawings by Bob Stanley

38 Driving Up with a Compact Car

The best young wrestler in the U.S. and his brother-coach have reaped up Kentucky

by Herman Witskepp

62 'They Are My Life and My Wife'

John Kirkland, Frisbee's first professional, is a poet and sorcerer of the saucers

by J.D. Reed

The departments

17 Scorecard

47 College Basketball

50 Tennis

56 Table Tennis

Credits on page 79

59 Track & Field

72 For the Record

60 19th Hole

Next Week

LAST STOP on the early part of the golf tour that begins and ends in California is the Los Angeles Open, after which the action on the links swings cross country to Florida. Dan Jenkins offers an analysis of the season so far.

BASEBALL SPRINGS BACK into the consciousness as the players assemble for the vernal rite. Walter Iossa Jr. salutes the new season with a portfolio of sun-kissed photographs. Ron Fimete with a loud pen.

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LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

When last we left Brock Yates, he was zinging across the country in a 175-mph Ferrari V-12 with co-driver Dan Gurney, en route to winning the Cannonball Baker Sea-to-Shining-Sea Memorial Trophy Dash (SI, Oct. 23, 1972), an event that Yates had thought up. This outlaw race was conceived partly in anger; it represented his stance against "the ever-tightening circle of government control over our lives in

some curmudgeon. In reality, Yates is a paragon of calm—a gentleman farmer of upstate New York, the author of several quietly peaceful books for children, a dedicated ruralist who drives his 1969 Porsche 912 at sedate speeds. He never misses a Buffalo Braves home game, plays a mediocre game of racquetball and keeps a mildly eccentric St. Bernard dog named Fred. ("Fred is a swell dog," says SI Associate Editor Bob Brown, a close friend of Yates'. "It's just that when you go up to spend a few days on Brock's farm, Fred eats your suitcase.")

The latest relaxing activity in the Yates repertoire is his boat *Cannonball*, a 28-foot Bertram that puts out a gentling 450 hp from twin Mercruisers. Running it on the St. Lawrence River and Lake Ontario provided some of the inspiration for Yates' first novel, *Dead in the Water*, coming out in June, an adventure story involving the 1976 Olympics in Montreal, chase scenes on the water and, naturally, a towering outrage or two.

Still, there are times when rural life threatens to become too pastoral, with one novel finished, the next just starting and the only real action watching Fred chase deer. ("He never catches them," says Yates, "but remember, it isn't all that easy for a full-grown St. Bernard to sneak up on a deer.") So each year at this time Yates heads south to Tampa for the Winter National sprint-car races, perhaps the least diluted form of motor sports left. "I have been a sprint-car nut all my life," says Yates. "It is old-fashioned, belly-to-the-ground racing, and it draws the greatest drivers of them all." His report on page 26 reflects the action and the high good spirits of the sprint scene. But the assignment constitutes only a brief mid-winter break for Yates. There is persistent talk that he is getting up another Cannonball race and that more ferocious columns are coming along. Just for this week, he is between dudsgeons.

general and our motoring life in particular." Yates insists that "we should aspire to high-performance levels as opposed to presuming that every driver is a moron to be packaged in a motorized padded cell." The fact that the article stirred up a critical storm Yates took as a welcome sign that he had piqued some interest and perhaps had made a small contribution toward individual freedom. Yates has come to relish such criticism. As an editor-columnist for *Car and Driver* magazine, he enjoys stimulating readers by maintaining an attitude of towering outrage over everything from speed laws to seat belts, hugely enjoying the feedback and hoping that nobody will blow his curmudgeonly cover.

BROCK YATES IN COMPLETE CONTROL



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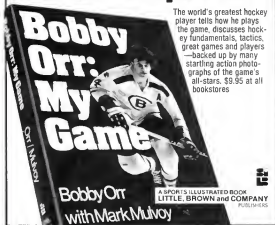
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The Monopoly Book, by Maxine Brady (David McKay Company, \$5.95) might win second prize in a beauty contest; it's a dandy little treat, lovingly illustrated (but too-much-of-the-book underestimates its obvious audience of *Monopoly* freaks). Needing a treatise, we are given a primer.

When the book is at its best it is at its deepest, analyzing arcane strategy and dissecting heavy statistical probability (Elmton Avenue will be landed on more than any other space, the Property Desirability Index of Maroon is 1.1077 with two houses, 2.9584 with three). That is the stuff *Monopoly* buffs crave. But in the main, Maxine Brady writes for novices at the game, of which there are next to none literate enough to buy books. She ignores her own best statistics, which show that 80 million sets have been sold since 1934, sales increasing in each succeeding year. The game has been translated into 15 languages (Boardwalk is Rue de la Paix in France, Paseo del Prado in Spain), NASSA has already pretty much decided to stock *Monopoly* as a substitute for sex on the first three-year Mars flight.

Riders on the Reading and the other readers have handed \$1.216 trillion in Parker Bros. play money and 2.56 billion green houses since a Philadelphia salesman named Charles Darrow invented the game when he was out of work in the Depression. Parker Bros. initially told him to forget *Monopoly* because, you see, their experts had divined that the game had "52 fundamental errors." Eventually they made a deal with Darrow, and he retired a millionaire at 46. His memory is kept alive with a plaque on the Boardwalk near Park Place in Atlantic City, N.J., which he had borrowed as the urban model for his game.

While Brady slights us on Darrow's development of the game, she also tells us little about the people who play it—and why. Look, I have locked horns with a grown man who nearly cried when he could not be the Racing Car. I will stomp and sulk if I cannot be The Boot. But there is not a clue to these furies. Do Thimbles want Boardwalk? Do Top Hats go for Railroads? The author tells us that people have played *Monopoly* underwater, in elevators, caves and for 12 days straight, but she never tells us about these people, about their fascination, their love.

And most curious of all, despite the obvious statistics that certify what I stumbled upon: The Living *Monopoly* Trash once

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any day in Dewey Beach, Del. Brady does not tell us that the one guaranteed way to win at Monopoly is to get the oranges—St. James Place, Tennessee and New York—and clean up on their rents as everybody comes out of the summer.

—FRANK DEFORD

There is a school of thought which holds that Monopoly is a game of skill, that the roll of the dice is incidental to strategy and probabilities. It is an adult view, one used to rationalize the loss of hours that could have been spent studying for midterms, cleaning the basement or running in place.

Children know better. Monopoly is for rainy days. The fun is the familiar rituals, and one wins because one is lucky or one is older, or both. (Kid Monopoly lasts longer than most rainstorms, anyway, and therefore rarely reaches definitive conclusion.)

It is pleasant to report that the reigning world Monopoly champion, though 23, is still a kid about the game. Alvin Aldridge (he likes to be called Big Al) is a thin, shy accounting student from Dayton who is currently between schools. At the world title match played in Manhattan's St. Regis Hotel in November, he blinked often behind his gold-rimmed glasses and spoke very little. When a television reporter asked him what, in his opinion, made a good Monopoly player, he said softly, "Lucky moves," which sent a shudder through the Monopoly-mad audience, his three opponents and Author Maxine Brady, the referee.

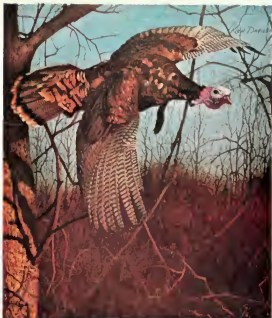
Relying stoutly on luck and intuition, Big Al whipped the best that Parker Bros., the company which sponsored the matches, could offer. He outlasted a devilish but legal play that two of his opponents—Jay Walker, a Cornell sophomore who has used computers to study Monopoly probabilities, and Lee Baynd, the owner of a Los Angeles ice-cream parlor—had devised only the night before. Forbidden by the tournament's strict interpretation of the Parker rules to trade in options and amenities, the sort of variation that sophisticated Monopolists consider *de rigueur*, the canny pair nevertheless cornered the bank's supply of houses and kept them out of circulation for most of the game by selling the *Get Out of Jail Free* card back and forth to each other whenever either was threatened with having to sell houses.

Near the end, with the last opposing players only a roll or two away from bankruptcy, Aldridge baffled the experts by choosing to bail out the doomed men again and again.

Afterward a puzzled reporter asked, "Big Al, why didn't you put them out 45 minutes ago?"

And the gentle champ explained, in the spirit of true amateurism, "Well, you know, so the game would last longer."

—SARAH PREGG



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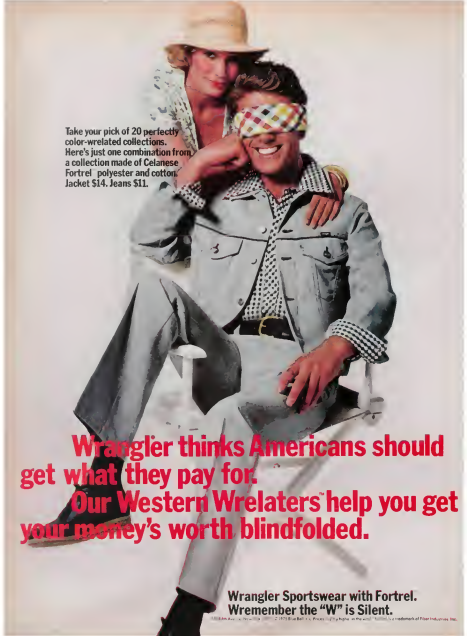
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SCORECARD

Edited by ANDREW CRILITON

SAY 'EM UP IN THE OTHER ALLEY

It does not require a Solomon to decide what to do when boys invade a girl's sport. Show them the way out.

This is not what happened recently at the Girls State Bowling Tournament in Peoria, Ill. A team from Dixon with four boys starting was allowed to compete. The reason the boys were there was that the school board had funded only one bowling team. It reasoned, if that is the correct term, that since a Champaign County court had ruled earlier that girls could compete on boys' teams if no girls' teams were available, the reverse should be true. Dixon won the tournament. The fact that Vicki Jacobs, its only female bowler, led her side's scoring in the second round with 210, did nothing to lift the pall the authorities cast over the tournament by their action.

Why is it just to allow girls to join boys' teams but not the reverse? Because of their size and musculature, boys, particularly after they reach their middle teens, will inevitably dominate girls' games, as the boys from Dixon did. It is only the extraordinary girl who can ever hope to compete on a par with boys, even in a sport like bowling. The rationale for letting her do so is that until very recently she had no other outlet for her athletic talents. As more sports are funded on an equal basis, and facilities shared equally, there will be fewer girls testing themselves against the boys. So off to your own alleys, gentlemen.

MA BELL'S PERFECT BLENDSHIP

It is no longer a secret who Ron Watts is. He is Bill Russell's friend in the telephone commercial who taught Russell everything he ever knew about basketball.

Bell has been swamped with inquiries about the TV ad and Watts has become a celebrity. A 6'6" native of Washington, D.C., he played for Wake Forest in the mid-'60s. He roomed there with the late Brian Pico and, during a two-year stay with the Boston Celtics—where he got

into 28 games as a reserve center and averaged 1.4 points a game—with Russell, "Injuries then shortened what promised to be a bleak career," he reports.

Watts is a Washington insurance executive and, as a result of the national exposure, a constant guest at luncheons and on radio and TV shows. "I'm stopped on the streets a lot by people who've seen the commercial," he says. "They always ask, 'Who's that guy Bill Russell I see you with on TV?'"

RSPV OR RIP?

Swimming gamely upstream against a torrent of criticism over the new swimming pool that anonymous donors are building for him in the official residence at Ottawa, Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau turned gracious host. "You may come over any time to practice your diving," he told Opposition member Tom Cossitt, "Even before the water is in."

CANNINESS ON THE COURSE

Ah, mon, there are more than a few canny Scots left and it wouldna surprise us if some of the wariest of them are at this very moment stalking the gorse of the Royal and Ancient preparing a trap.

As you no doubt recall, the lairds of St. Andrews took a giant step forward—or backward, according to one's outlook—when they granted contestants in the Women's Open this June access not only to the clubhouse locker and changing accommodations but to the Silence Room (SI CREEDARD, Oct. 14, 1974). Maggots in the haggis, rolling in the grave, say it's nice see, Mac! It is, but now comes a hint that the battle has not yet been adjourned. The General Committee has been meeting to consider the purchase of property adjoining the Old Course's 18th green, where a building could be constructed for the use of the ladies of members. A holding action, we suspect, that in terms of U.S. social history will advance Scottish women's rights to the end of the 19th century; separate but unequal.

PROGRAMMED FOR PRECISION

Since he makes his living with input, it probably made sense that sooner or later Fred Newman would discover that his true interest in sport was precisely that, input.

This came upon Newman, a real-time systems programmer with Control Data Corporation, in October 1973 when he was working out in the YMCA gym in San Jose, Calif. He wondered if he could put the ball in the basket from the free throw line 100 times in a row. Could he ever. Fred Newman should find a secure niche in history as the alltime Johnny One Note of foul shooting.

Newman is six feet, 180 pounds, wears heavy-framed glasses, a pleasant smile and an insouciant air that mask the superb athlete underneath. At Cal Tech he won 11 varsity letters in five sports, and was all-conference in football once and

12.776



basketball three times. He always had a shooting touch, he says, although he was never considered particularly strong at the foul line.

In his second week of practicing earnestly he was up to 139 foul shots without a miss. He went to four-hour sessions twice a week and this September tried a 24-hour marathon at Tech. Tossing balls up at the rate of one every 6½ seconds (including rest breaks), he sank 12,777 of 13,097 for a 97.6 completion rate, exceeding by seven percentage points the record set two months earlier by Florida-

continued

man Ted St. Martin. He missed by only 24 the mark for consecutive free throws (386). Anybody else might be content with that. Newman thought there were too many misses for a properly laid-out program, and it was back to the gym.

We are happy to report that Newman has just about licked the problem of human fallibility. He has been achieving better than a 99% rate on his shots and in November hit 1,418 straight. (Nobody was watching, so Newman rushed out for a lie detector test, and he passed.)

Newman makes no claim about where this will all end—sometimes his wife Evelyn wishes it would—but he will try another marathon or two and hopes to avoid the pitfalls of the last one when his right (shooting) wrist went numb in the 20th hour and the skin on three fingers of his left hand was split from catching the return ball. He has one thing going for him the next time, he says. He has learned to concentrate. He swears his mind used to wander.

SNAP, CRACKLE, POP

"A soldier's life is terrible hard" says Alice. Alice knew nothing about modern hockey.

Take the snake-bit Toronto Maple Leafs. With two months of the campaign to go they have already lost 130 man-games because of injury or illness—36 by Ian Turnbull (torn knee ligaments), 20 by Borje Salming (broken finger, cracked heel bone, bruised ribs), 13 by Jim McKenny (bruised thigh, cracked thumb, eye injury). Bob Neely lost 14 (bruised hand, sprained ankle, flu), Darryl Sittler, eight (pulled shoulder muscles), and there were many more.

No one on the Leafs, though, got it like Chicago Black Hawk defenseman Keith Magnuson, who was almost a Toronto roster wrapped into one. Early in the season he suffered a hairline fracture of the wrist and was out 18 games. He was not back very long before he drew a three-day suspension, not especially for breaking the jaw of Vancouver's Chris Oddleifson, but for striking him with a taped hand. That broke a new NHL rule.

Magnuson had the flu later—no lost games there—and then a fight with Pittsburgh's Bob (Battleship) Kelly, by reputation the toughest scrapper in hockey. Magnuson fractured his ankle and is not expected back until mid-March. Alice, he couldn't change the guard at Buckingham Palace now if he had to.

WHEN IT RAINS

First the bad news. After a tedious eight-hour trip through an icy New England rain, the Colby Mules were sent packing back to Waterville, Maine without once stepping on the basketball court. Leaks in the roof over old Pratt Cage had washed out the game with Amherst. Now the worse. When the two officials assigned to the game returned to the dressing room to change, they discovered that the wallet of one had been stolen and the key chains of both. Finally, the good news. One of their cars was still in the parking lot.

WRONG OF INDIA

China beat Yugoslavia to take the 33rd World Table Tennis Championships in Calcutta (page 56), and host nation India, which is developing a knack for this sort of thing, dealt another blow to sportsmanship. It barred from play Israel and South Africa on what it termed, without apparent embarrassment, "political grounds." It approved, just as arbitrarily, a six-member delegation from the Palestine Liberation Organization, which had not appeared on the list of entries. Having forfeited—on political grounds, too—its right to meet South Africa in the Davis Cup finals last fall, India now stands 0-2 over the last half year in what was once regarded as friendly international sport.

This magazine has repeatedly pointed out the dangers of mixing politics with sport. Earlier this year the Soviet Union became chary about its Red Army basketball team playing against the Israelis in the European Cup and, in fact, did not play. Will the Russians make similar decisions when the 1980 Olympics are held in Moscow? The International Olympic Committee should insist now upon public and unequivocal guarantees for the participation and safety of athletes of all nations accredited for the 1980 Games. And much as we deplore coercion, India must be made to know by the international governing bodies of sports in which she participates that nations that do not play by the rules are ruled off.

HOOKING AN ALEWIFE

Somewhere, one gets the feeling W.C. Fields might actually have liked this child. She is 10-year-old Bibiana, and her mother, Mrs. Howard Nichols of Belmont, Iowa, bless her, tells this story. Bibi was in a class at school where the

topic was environment and water pollution and how water tastes differently from one town to the next. When the kids were asked to tell their own experiences with water, Bibi raised her right hand.

"Last summer when we were up at Clear Lake on vacation," she said eagerly, "the water was so bad my mom had to drink beer all day."

CLASSIC CONUNDRUM

John McCormick, the literate sports enthusiast and occasional contributor to this magazine who incidentally is a professor of English at Princeton, is worried that under the money crunch college sport may lose something more than an athletic program or two when the deans start slashing into budgets.

"Think hard," he advises the deans, "for you might eliminate that student who thought that John Keats' sonnet, *On First Looking into Chapman's Homer*, was about baseball." As McCormick describes him, he seems worth saving.

"Reflection suggests that the baseball-minded student probably unconsciously amended Keats' title with a comma after 'First,' thus producing a vision of Keats, after beating out a single, having to stay on the bag as he watches Chapman's low, rising line drive pass over his head and just miss the foul pole for a Homer. Keats' Chapman was George, who first translated the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey* into English between 1598 and 1616. But which Chapman was the student thinking about? The records list 11: Ben, Calvin, Ed, two Freds, Glenn, Harry, Jack, John, Ray and Sam."

Got us, but as they used to say in Macedonia, it's a subject worth Perseusing.

THEY SAID IT

- Fred Shero, Philadelphia Flyers coach, on controlling hockey violence: "There never has been a death attributed to a hockey fight. Why don't they write about the good things for a change."
- Marv Hubbard, Oakland Raider fullback: "People say we can't win the big games. The only thing I have to say about that is, we can't win the big games."
- Glenn Cameron, Florida linebacker and Cincinnati's No. 1 draft choice, asked his college mayor: "Academic survival."
- Raymond Henson, father of Ohio State football and Viking draftee, Champ, on his son's leaving the family farm to play pro football: "I'm going to have to buy a tractor to pull the plow."

END

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LOWDOWN ON THE TOP DOGS

The Establishment of dogdom has entered an era of unrest. A good thing, too, says one authority who dissects the prestigious Westminster show

by ROBERT H. BOYLE

Every dog has his day, but the day of the dog is now under question in the U.S. In the past year there has been rising public concern over the proliferation of dogs and their place in American society. The American Kennel Club is registering more than a million dogs a year. Shoddy puppy mills produce dogs by the thousands for the often-criticized pet-shop trade and, worse than that, many supposedly reputable breeders are more interested in breeding for form rather than function. The fact is that a dog's temperament is more significant than its appearance; almost all AKC dogs are sold as pets rather than for show's sake.

Fortunately, thoughtful dog people are now speaking out. For years the AKC, breed clubs, breeders and most of dogdom lived in an outwardly lovey-dovey world where all breeds were wonderful and Lassie-smart. Now even the august AKC is being questioned. One result is that the AKC has finally permitted women to become delegates, 54 years after they got the vote, but the critics remain impatient. Under new ownership, *Popular Dogs*, a monthly magazine for fanciers, has begun to print strong editorials on the AKC ("The incident at the December meeting clearly proves that the present system lends itself to abuse and conspiracy"), and in a column, Publication Director Matt Stander voiced the hope that the AKC would set up an ef-

fective system to license—and anticensor—judges.

For better or worse, the show ring is at the heart of purebred dogdom, and the most prestigious event is the Westminster Kennel Club show. The 99th annual Westminster was held last week at Madison Square Garden and one of the more outspoken experts present was Captain Arthur J. Haggerty, a man who had no qualms about calling his own shots from the start to best-in-show. At 6'3" and 335 pounds, Haggerty, 43, is probably the biggest man in dogdom, physically anyway, and his knowledge is deep. (AKC rules bar him from judging shows because he makes his living training dogs.) Haggerty says of his qualifications, "As an entire package, there is no one better than me in dogs."

The captain's involvement began when he was a year old; his father registered a litter of Irish setters in his name. Haggerty worked bull terriers as a boy, and one of them won best-of-breed at Westminster. For the last 15 years he has been the proprietor of Captain Haggerty's School for Dogs (Captain comes from service in the Army K-9 Corps), with facilities in New York City and rural Wallkill, N.Y., where he trains dogs of all breeds—even some of no particular breed—to guard, attack, point, pull sleds, detect bombs or drugs, trail men, rabbits or varmints or do theatrical work, e.g., the miniature poodle in *Mulholland*

Cowboy. The biggest lesson of guard dogs in the U.S., the captain has trained the celebrated Long-Haired Duke ("No piece of copper plumbing disappeared when this German shepherd was on the job in Harlem") and the resolute Cromwell, another shepherd who has since passed on to what Haggerty calls "the land of the big rabbit." There, as the captain envisions it, Cromwell (what a name for a dog trained by an Irishman!) is joyfully pursuing bunnies the size of Larry Csonka.

Haggerty, a former president of The Bronx County Kennel Club, is no provincial. He regularly flies to Europe to observe dogs at Crufts in London, the English equivalent of Westminster, and to Germany, West and East, to study the working dog trials and the *Sieger*, the national show championship for the German shepherd.

Haggerty esteems Westminster but he believes it is time for Americans to face up to hard truths about purebred dogs. "Ninety-nine per cent of the dogs in the U.S. never realize their potential," he says. "Too many people treat their dogs like children, a serious mistake because a dog's behavior pattern is not similar to a child's. Many people pick a dog for its appearance, when temperament is the important thing. For example, the Boston terrier is a great little house dog. The breed began dropping in popularity eight or 10 years ago, but it's an ideal dog for the widow who misses her husband. It

continued

Critic Haggerty with Judge's choice, the sheepdog, and his, the miniature pinscher.





Ch. Bruce O'Shearn McDown of Eagle

snorts occasionally, but won't talk back.

"A lot of people are taken by the Old English sheepdog. It is obviously an attractive animal, but there is an aggressiveness problem here. Part of the problem is the tremendous amount of hair over the eyes. These dogs get startled when someone suddenly appears before them. No one should own this breed unless he is prepared to brush the coat out every day, because if you don't, the coat gets matted and then, when it is snarled and the coat eventually does get combed, the dog starts biting because the comb gets hung up and hurts.

"The whole business of shows misses the main point of dogs. The show bench wants a dog that is esthetically pleasing, but any dog that becomes a champion in the show ring should be able to pass working tests. You watch an old-time terrier judge. He will start 'sparking' the dogs, putting a couple of terriers nose to nose in the ring. If one terrier backs down, get him out of the ring."

Making the rounds at Westminster, Haggerty despaired over the Alaskan malamutes and Siberian huskies in the working group, not because the breeds were without merit, but because the wrong people owned them. "People buy them because they look like wolves," the captain said, "and they think that they

are going to get protection. They come to me because they want the malamute or the husky attack-trained. I tell them it's difficult. They figure a wolf is a great protector. Well, a wolf in the wild runs away from man, that's why the wolf survives. You also have a biting problem and a fighting problem in the malamute and to a lesser extent in the husky. Either breed, husky or malamute, it's hard to get them to bark. They are not good watchdogs if you want a watchdog to bark. In fact, I tell clients it's easier to get them to bite someone than to bark. And then you have to teach the dogs how to bite. Ahhh!" The captain clamped his hand to his enormous furrowed forehead.

That evening Haggerty disagreed quite strongly with the working-group selections of Mrs. Francis V. Crane. She picked Ch. Sir Lancelot of Barvan, an Old English sheepdog, as first in the group and Lancelot thus became a finalist in the best-in-show the next night. The captain favored the giant schauzer, Ch. Quay's Antonio of Tanglewood, "a really good dog." Haggerty was upset by the look of a German shepherd, Ch. Breauhausen's Mavrick. "Spooky devil. The last thing you want in a shepherd."

When the terrier group was judged, a big upset occurred. Ch. Sunnybrook Spot On, a wire fox terrier, did not win but placed third under Judge Peter Thomson. Thomson selected as the winner an English import, a West Highland white, Ch. Ardenrun Andsome of Purs-ton, and a Lakeland, Ch. Jo-Ni's Red Baron of Crofton, as second. Haggerty thought that was fine. "The Lakeland was shown with absolute artistry," the captain said. "His feet were too big, but then he was so well groomed a judge might have missed that. A Lakeland's feet should be well-knuckled so his legs look like they grow right out of the ground."

In the nonsporting group, the captain favored an English bulldog bitch, Ch. Westfield Conomorus Stone, owned by Haggerty's old friend Charlie Westfield Jr. However, a chow chow, Ch. Mi Tu's Han Su Shang, placed first, while the bulldog finished second. In Haggerty's opinion English bulldogs are a disaster. "The bitch had a great head," he said, "but the breed is so different from the original bulldog of 100 years ago that the pups usually have to be delivered by Caesarean section because the head has grown so much in relation to the pelvis."



Ch. Westfield Conomorus Stone

Three toy breeds, Haggerty said, were also in deplorable shape: Yorkshire terriers, Chihuahuas and Brussels griffons. The trouble with the first two is that the bones in the skull often do not close. "Want to kill a Yorkie?" the captain asked. "Tap it on the head with a pencil." All three breeds suffer from "fading puppy syndrome. The dogs just die, just die." To save the breeds, he suggested they each be locked in a room for three generations and use the stock that survives.

On the last day of Westminster, Haggerty was at the sporting dog rings. Viewing the Vizslas, he said, "If you're going to get a European combination of hunting dog and house pet, this is the one. The Weimaraner is not nearly so good as a pet, although in the field it is better." (Sour looks from those around the ring.) "The Vizsla needs to put its head in someone's lap."

The captain examined the Labs and was not impressed. As other retriever breeds were shown, the captain felt the temptation to fire a gun in the Garden. "Gundogs should be excused from the ring if they're gun-shy," he said.

Moving over to the hounds, Captain Haggerty looked warily at the basenjis. "A nice dog if you don't want a dog for a pet. They are cutlike in their behavior



Ch. Carnaby Rock 'n' Roll

patterns: independent, aloof. Training them is difficult. They are farther away from domestication than any AKC breed. For better results in training, food rewards should be used. A food reward is not going to work with a terrier—you have to 'machine gun' a terrier on a leash to get results. A terrier requires a firm hand. Neither is affection going to work with a terrier or a basenji. The saluki—now there is a breed that will go for dates and oranges."

One dog the captain liked was a bloodhound, Ch. The Rectory's Limbo, an eager 16-month-old that took best-of-breed. (Haggerty is an admirer of good noses. In the Army he discovered that a scout dog could pick up the scent of a human from 150 yards to half a mile away, depending on wind and weather.)

As the sporting group was judged, Haggerty commented. The Lab: "No pizzazz." English setter: "Not enough reach in the shoulder." Gordon setter: "Beautiful dog, but he has too much coat for the field. A beautiful coat, but like a cocker spaniel." Irish setter: "Too narrow behind." Brittany: "Nice dog, nothing great." Black cocker: "Look at the thick coat. Wouldn't be too bad if you hunted him in the desert or on an airport runway." English cocker: "Good dog, not a great dog. A little peaked, too." Sus-

sex spaniel: "A poor mover." Welsh springer: "Not showing worth a damn." Vizsla: "A little loose in the front." Weimaraner: "He's out of it." The judge, Joe Tackler, put up the Gordon, Ch. Aft-terned Yank of Rockaplenty.

The hounds were next. The basenji: "A little out at the elbows." Beagle, not exceeding 13 inches: "I like a little more length and neck." Ch. The Rectory's Limbo, the bloodhound, passed by: "Showing very well." American foxhound: "A very good dog. Probably the best one in there but it won't win. Why? American foxhounds never win. There are probably no more than six in the whole show." Harrier: "I know a gal who had her finger taken off by a harrier. Howling problem." Norwegian elkhound: "Nice-moving dog but maybe weak in the pasterns." Rhodesian ridgeback: "Fifteen to 20 years ago there was no uniformity of type, and they've carried that through. Good watchdog, fighting problem, hard to handle. Sound dog, this one." Irish wolfhound: "Looks better standing still than moving." Judge Tom Stevenson picked the Irish wolfhound, Ch. Breac O'Shawn McDown of Eagle. Haggerty shrugged. Then the toys. The Yorkshire, Ch. Carnaby Rock 'n' Roll: "An outstanding dog." Toy poodle: "Very nice." In fact, the captain liked a lot of the toys, but if he had to pick from his ringside seat he would go with the miniature pinscher or the toy poodle. Judge Edd Embry Blinn put up the pinscher, Ch. Jay Mac's Impossible Dream. The captain beamed.

Finally it was time for best-in-show. Enter the Old English sheepdog, the Irish wolfhound, the Gordon, chow chow, Westie and miniature pinscher. As Judge Harry T. Peters sent the dogs around the ring, Haggerty came to a tentative decision. The two best dogs in there were the Westie and the miniature pinscher. As the Old English sheepdog moved past the miniature pinscher, the little bitch reared up and barked as if ready to attack. The captain liked that. As the chow chow paraded by, the crowd applauded. "One of the marked characteristics of the breed is a stilted gait," said Haggerty. "This dog has too free-flowing a gait. These people don't know what they're clapping about." Judge Peters continued to look over the finalists. "Old line conservative," the captain said. "He won't do anything for a while because the show always ends between 11:20 and 11:25."

The Old English sheepdog went by. "The guy's moving him too fast," said the captain. By now Haggerty had decided the miniature pinscher should win. At 11:22, the judge went over to mark his book. The winner was the Old English sheepdog. Haggerty was thunderstruck. As Joe Waterman, the handler of the miniature pinscher, brought the bitch upstairs to be photographed with Haggerty, several people remarked, "You got robbed." The miniature pinscher posed with Haggerty, then Lancelot came up to be photographed. After the dogs had gone, Haggerty exclaimed, "That Old English sheepdog had a dirty muzzle! A dog like that should not win Westminster! He was also poorly put down. The judge had the chance to go over these dogs in the ring. I didn't, but I'll stick with my opinion—the miniature pinscher is the better dog."

The feisty pinscher had seemed to like Arthur J. Haggerty, too. **END**

PHOTOGRAPH BY LANE STEWART



Ch. The Rectory's Limbo

PLEASURE FOOLISH AND FORGONE

Two of horse racing's 1974 champions, the veteran Forego and the youthful Foolish Pleasure, strutted their stuff at Hialeah, serving emphatic notice that each expects to continue winning as he pleases **by WHITNEY TOWER**

Hialeah may be having its share of troubles these days, but there are at least two horses on the grounds capable of administering their own remedy for some of the disappointing crowds. Last Saturday, for example, by way of proving that a genuine star can still draw people, Forego turned in a phenomenal performance as he became the first horse in 38 runnings of the 1½-mile Widener Handicap to carry 131 pounds to victory. The largest Hialeah attendance in four years, 24,890, turned out to witness the event, and it seemed like old times again as the swells and punters alike rose en masse to give 1974's Horse of the Year a loud and richly deserved ovation.

Three days earlier, hidden by the obscurity of a ridiculous 12:25 post time, last season's unbeaten 2-year-old champion, Foolish Pleasure, easily won a three-horse exhibition race in near track-record time for his eighth triumph in a row. Foolish Pleasure is a strong future-book favorite for the Kentucky Derby, and he gave evidence that if Forego is the horse of the moment, he could become racing's next big hero.

There is no question now that the 5-year-old Forego ranks among the all-time stars of the handicap division. A year ago, on the road to his championship, the enormous gelding won the Widener under 129 pounds and finished the season with victories in the 1½-mile Woodward, the seven-furlong Vosburgh and the two-mile Jockey Club Gold Cup, in all of which he was topweighted. He led off his 1975 campaign with a victory in the nine-furlong Seminole Handicap, carrying 129 pounds, but the challenge of the longer Widener, under 131, was something else. Back in 1938, the winter after he captured the Triple Crown, War Admiral won the Widener carrying 130 pounds. But 10 years later Armed and Assault, both burdened with 130, finished fourth and fifth behind El Mono (112). In 1950 Coaltown, with 132 pounds, could do no better than fifth to Royal Governor (118). Later on, Crafty Admiral and Kelso failed under 131.

Only Armed and Yorky had ever managed to win consecutive Wideners before Forego joined the club, and among the 24 favorites who had failed to win in 37 previous runnings were Assault, Kelso, Coaltown, Carry Back, Iron Liege, Summer Tan and Stagehand. Obviously, Forego is something special.

Sherill Ward, who trains him for Owner Martha Gerry, skillfully manages to keep the body on this big brute (he stands only a quarter of an inch shy of 17 hands and weighs almost 1,200 pounds). Moreover, Ward has been able to send Forego to the starting gate with pure speed when needed, as in his triumph in the Vosburgh, and bring him right back to his typical come-from-behind style for the longer Gold Cup and the Widener.

The one thing Forego does not like is an off track, such as the slop in which he lost the 1974 Marlboro Cup to Big Spruce. So on Widener day, as the clouds gathered in late afternoon, Ward spoke wryly of having done a "no rain" dance back at his barn. Whatever kind of dance he did, it must have worked, for the downpour held off until a half hour after the big attraction.

In the paddock before the race Ward told Jockey Helodoro Gustines just to stay out of trouble. Gustines did so by taking back and going into the first turn dead last. "I didn't mind that," Ward said later. "It takes time to get a big horse carrying all that weight into high gear. I wasn't particularly worried." But Gustines was, for a moment or two, anyway. "He was acting sluggish," Gustines said, "and I didn't think he'd be in the money. He didn't start running until the 3/16ths pole. Then he won easy."

Well, maybe not easy. For a few nervous seconds the 7-to-10 favorite did not look like a shoo-in. But he moved steadily, from fifth on the backstretch to fourth on the final turn, and overtook Lord Rebeau as they came to the eighth

pole. The 50-to-1 outsider Hat Full, to whom the winner was giving 20 pounds, made a strong run at him in the final furlong, but at the wire it was Forego by a length and a quarter. Gold and Myrrh was third, followed by Lord Rebeau, Group Plan, Mr. Door, Sharp Gary, Outdoors and Neapolitan Way. Forego's time was a commendable 2:01½.

With his record now two-for-two in 1975, Forego may have a few problems ahead of him, not so much with his opposition on the track as with the gentlemen who sit behind the racing secretaries' desks and assign weights in handicaps. Their ideal is to weight every horse so that all reach the wire in a photo finish. As he keeps winning and his opposition keeps losing, Forego will get more weight on and the others will get more weight off. By autumn they may be suggesting that Forego try a few jumps on the way or go around twice while the oth-



Carrying a record 131 pounds, Forego races off with the Widener for the second straight year.

ers go once. Don't bet he wouldn't be able to handle that, too.

But Forego really has nothing more to prove to anyone. Foolish Pleasure, despite his unblemished record, does, and all indications are that he will, beginning with the Flamingo next week. His exhibition win last week was at seven furlongs and he made a mockery of the race, beating Ambassador's Image by 4½ lengths with Circle Home another half-length back. Foolish Pleasure covered the sprint distance in 1:21¾, which was eye-popping enough, but, even more impressively, he worked out the full mile in a superb 1:34½. When he won the one-mile Champagne at Belmont last fall his time was 1:36.

Of course, exhibition races are not the same as mixing it up in a field of 10 or 12 or more, but Trainer LeRoy Jolley and Owner John L. Greer nonetheless were delighted with what they saw. Foolish Pleasure hadn't raced since last Oct. 5, and when he came back blowing a bit after his speedy effort, Jolley was pleased. "It did him lots of good," he said, "and set him up perfectly for the Flamingo's mile and an eighth."

And, by and by, the Kentucky Derby's mile and a quarter. Racegoers at this

time of year are looking for a horse to drape in roses that first Saturday in May. "There's always something new jumping up on February and March to surprise us all," said former Colimet Trainer Jimmy Jones. "But this year you'd have to say that Foolish Pleasure is the only standout 3-year-old on either coast. Certainly nothing seems capable of going with him up to a mile. The only question is what he'll do when they tack

that extra quarter of a mile onto his races." Then, noting that Foolish Pleasure is by What a Pleasure out of a Tom Fool mare named Fool-Me-Not, Jones added, "Having that Tom Fool blood isn't going to hurt him any." Owner Greer put it even more bluntly: "This colt isn't a What a Pleasure. He's a Tom Fool. He's got all the equipment his granddaddy had."

The Flamingo had something of another preview the same afternoon that



Foolish Pleasure casts a glance over Trainer Jolley's shoulder.

Foolish Pleasure put on his strong exhibition. The Everglades, at nine furlongs, was won by Asctic, a bay son of Damascus owned by Nick and Jan Brady and trained by veteran Woody Stephens, who won last year's Derby with Cannonade. Asctic took the Everglades by 2½ lengths, beating such opposition as L'Enjoleur, the Canadian-bred son of Buckpasser out of the Alabama winner Fanfreluche, and Darby Dan Farm's Prince Thou Art Still. Stephens came away less than ecstatic over his horse's future chances over a distance of ground. "Asctic seems like a willing colt, all right," Stephens said, "but I think Circle Home, who is a full brother to Cannonade, probably has more ability, even if he is not as far along in his development. Frankly, I think Asctic would have a hell of a time beating Foolish Pleasure in the Flamingo. I'll probably skip it and send him in a shorter race next month at Gulfstream. But Circle Home has already been around two turns, so we'll give him a shot at the Flamingo. Whether he's good enough to beat Foolish Pleasure is another matter."

Others who might challenge Foolish Pleasure in his first attempt beyond a mile are Hurry Mangurran's American History, a son of Tom Rolfe who finished second to Asctic in the Everglades, and L'Enjoleur, who was quite plainly a little short while finishing a game fourth in that race. As Jimmy Jones noted, this is the season for surprises among the still-youthful 3-year-olds. That is true enough, but no surprise is likely to occur in the Flamingo. Foolish Pleasure should have a pleasurable afternoon. **END**



The place bludgeons the senses: sprint cars rip through the turns, blurring the vision with violet slides and battering the eardrums with their wicked detonations. But the setting is familiar. There is the sweet aroma of fresh hay and manure rising from the livestock barns, the temptation of the midway concessions, the distant chatter of carnival hawkers. This is the Florida State Fair Grounds, tucked in the center of Tampa at the confluence of interstate highways, and its locus is the shady bulk of the grandstand presiding over the rich textures of the half-mile dirt track.

Every year since the winter of 1921 the sprint cars have come here, testing men as few other machines can—slinging them around a rude oval lined with cement and corrugated steel in defiance of the laws of reason and physics. Sixty-six of the muscular racers have been brought to the 55th annual Tampa Winter National Sprints. They have come from the Midwest and the Great Plains and the heartland of the sprinters, the Pennsylvania Dutch country.

It has been part of the litany of effete motor sports enthusiasts to downgrade dirt-track racing as the high-speed groping of brave but dull antediluvians. These purists reason that if one does not whisk over hill and dale aboard a gossamer-frail formula machine, playing a fugue on a five-speed gearbox, gracefully veering both right and left, one is a primitive. Yet breeding runs as strong in sprinters as in the most advanced European Grand Prix car. European racing grew on networks of blocked-off public roads, while American competition was adapted to a different kind of venue, the half- and one-mile dirt horse-racing ovals of the towns and villages. Our domestic racing heritage, often sublimated by a provincial fascination for things continental, includes a thoroughbred lineage of makes such as Miller and Duesenberg and Offenhauser and Kurtis, and drivers on the order of Ralph DePalma and Jimmy Murphy (the first American to win a European Grand Prix) and Wilbur Shaw. A. J. Foyt, three-time winner of the Indianapolis 500, considers sprint racing on dirt the supreme

TRUE GRIT TO THE LAST LAP

After 54 years of kicking up storms around Tampa's witch of a track, the sprint cars came sliding home for the final lap **by BROCK YATES**



driving challenge, as does Mario Andretti, another talented veteran of all types of competition.

"This is real Wild West racing," says Kenny Weld, a compact young man who has made a brilliant record on the rugged Pennsylvania circuit. "It's really more of an art than a craft. Some guys can do it for years and never go fast. If I didn't think it was the best racing in the world, I wouldn't be here," he says, climbing into his 550-hp, Chevy-powered sprinter with its classic high profile (the low-to-the-track rear-engine cars that run at Indianapolis and in Formula 1 are unsuitable for dirt-track competition). His car is the embodiment of function—a lean trusswork of chrome-steel tubing housing little more than the engine, a seat for the driver and the fuel cell. The tough, exquisitely basic suspension system composed of four torsion bars is perfectly suited to the brutal pounding of the rutted and furrowed track.

"There's not much money at Tampa," says Weld. "The track is miserable. It's unlike any other in the world; the surface changes from lap to lap and the dust has a gummy quality that sticks to your

goggles. If you try to rub it off, it smears and the granules of sand scratch the lenses. Half the problem is vision, the other half is setting up the chassis, which is about impossible because the car is airborne most of the time. This is a pure ego thing. The best sprint car drivers in the nation are here, and if you win, you've done something. That's why we all come, but I'll tell you, this place is so rough I head north as fast as I can when it's over. I've got the thing blanked out of my mind by the time I hit the Georgia border."

When the oldtimers gather at Tampa, or at the other major sprint car championships in Phoenix or at Knoxville, Iowa, idle talk often escalates into arguments about the greatest sprint car driver of them all. The names of Gus Schrader, eight-time International Motor Contest Association champion; Tommy Hinnershitz, the smiling, iron-jawed Pennsylvania Dutchman; and Foyt are banded about with noisy ardor. But more and more a new name is being heard, that of Jan Opfferman, a shaggy, beard-draped Jesus freak from the wilds of Montana. This free spirit has given masterful exhibitions of controlling a car on dirt, and



The boldest, and some say best, of the fiery sprint breed is Jan Opperman, who came down from mountain solitude to dig dirt with the crowd.

each day more and more sprint car men are admitting that this "durned hippie" is the best they have ever seen. Opperman, who temporarily left racing a number of years ago for the solitude of the California mountains, there to contemplate the more cosmic aspects of life, came back driving better than most of the heroes of the United States Auto Club's sprint car division and often winning—especially in races on dirt. He made his first appearance in the Indianapolis 500 last year and ran well, if briefly. But he will not go back because he refuses to "knock on every dude's door just to get a ride in his car." Opperman won three of five feature races in the 1974 Tampa Winter Nationals and returned this year with a new machine incorporating many things of his own design, including a Maltese (or Maltese-type) cross engraved on the nose. "Sprinters are the toughest full-tilt racing in the world and Tampa is neutral ground," he says. "Nobody has an edge at Tampa."

"This crazy place can assume four different personalities in one afternoon," says driver Chuck Amati, a dapper Alabamian with patent leather racing boots who endeared himself to Tampa fans with such hairy feats as flipping his car upside down—then plopping it back on

its wheels and continuing with the race. "It will start out smooth and tacky, then it'll develop a soft dirt cushion. After that, the ruts will get so deep you can hardly keep the car right side up. Finally the sun will bake the surface hard and slick as asphalt. The worst thing is that damned sticky dust. We use layers of plastic lenses on our helmets called tear-aways and when one gets dirty you just rip it off to expose the clean ones underneath. At most tracks you'll use three or four, but last year I started a race in this place with eight and I still ran the last few laps flyin' blind."

The races at Tampa unrelentingly packed grandstands, cars screeching through the narrow corners three abreast, flinging gouts of clay against the high fences. There are some accidents, one an awesome pileup in the third turn as four cars tumble and swivel through the air like wind-driven leaves, but, thanks to stout roll cages, no one is hurt. Considering the intensity of the competition and the clutter of machinery on the track, the drivers—who pump like mad organists on the throttles to maintain their incredible broadsides—must rank with the best in the world.

It takes Opperman a few rounds to get his new machine "cooked up"—sprinter parlance for making a car handle. He

flirts with the leaders in the opening races, finishing high, but losing successive main events to Rick Ferkel, a veteran from Ohio, Bill Utr, defending national IMCA champion from Missouri, and Carrryl Oawley, a young pro from Sioux Falls, S.D. But then, as expected, it is the hippie's turn. On a sunny Saturday afternoon, before stands packed with fans, he wins the 50-lap main. He follows it up Sunday with another main event victory and that locks up his second straight Tampa title.

When the sprinters coast into the pits after five days of racing, their bright bodies fogged with clay, a grim silence envelops the old place. This is the end. The last race has been run at Tampa. After 55 years, pressed by the crush of the booming city, and in particular by the expanding University of Tampa, the State Fair is giving up its downtown location. The racetrack will disappear.

The new Tampa fairgrounds will be built without a track; few cities can afford to install and maintain one these days. An unsolicited petition bearing several thousand signatures is making the rounds, pleading that the Winter National be saved, but the outlook is grim. It appears that the Tampa sprint cars are sliding off into racing history. Broadside, of course.

END



THESE VIKINGS WERE STEELIER

World Series and Super Bowl teams were the competitors and the Dodgers were surprise overall winners, but the event that stirred athletes and spectators most was a desperately fought tug-of-war **by RICHARD W. JOHNSTON**

The eternal verities of sport took a terrible lacing in Honolulu recently. As everyone knows, a good big man can beat a good little man. Baseball players are not really athletes. And tug-of-war is a child's game. Lies, as it turned out, all lies.

The refutation of these concepts, sacred and profane, and the elevation of the tug-of-war to something surpassing gladiatorial combat were accomplished by the Pittsburgh Steelers and Minnesota Vikings, the Oakland Athletics and Los Angeles Dodgers, winners and losers, respectively, of the Super Bowl and the World Series. Billed as the Team Superstars, the package of 40 players—10 starters from each squad—was sold to ABC as another in the 10-part Superstar string of spectacles dreamed up by Dick Button, onetime Olympic figure skating champion and partner in Candid Productions, and Mark McCormack's busy Trans World International, Inc. It will appear on television March 2, 9 and 16.

To lure 40 scattered football and baseball players from their off-season pursuits (disputing contracts with Charlie Finley, playing golf, making movies, hunting, raising cows, fishing, filing suits and denouncing the Rozelle rule), Trans World dangled a couple of sizable carrots: A) a lot of money and B) a one-week, all-expense, first-class trip to Hawaii for each competitor and his wife or reasonable facsimile thereof. Almost all

of the players did take their wives, and Reggie Jackson, who did not, took his mother. As for the money, even split 40 ways it was substantial: a pot of \$331,500, with a guarantee of at least \$3,400 per man to a team that lost every event and the possibility of \$15,300 per man to a team that won them all.

The choice of Hawaii as a site was a stratagem of the crafty McCormack, aimed primarily at persuading wives to persuade reluctant husbands that paddling outrigger canoes was not beneath the dignity of world champions. Not in Honolulu, anyway.

But to say that Honolulu took a casual view of its selection as the site of the Superstar competition would be an understatement. Most sports fans figured it for just another TV non-event: it was difficult to believe that world champions in football and baseball could get up for a tandem bicycle relay race, a 1,320-yard medley relay in six sections, or an obstacle race. And an eight-lap swimming relay? A half-mile outrigger canoe race through the sloppy lagoon adjoining Waikiki's Hilton Hawaiian Village? Volleyball? And a tug-of-war?

The local view had it that a conspiracy was afoot to rip off ABC and the American public, especially the Hawaiians, despite the fact that the team captains—Sai Bando of the Athletics, Ray Mansfield of the Steelers, Mick Tingelhoff of the Vikings and Steve Garvey and Jimmy Wynn of the Dodgers—called practice for 9 a.m. the day after the long flight from the mainland. By the night before the beginning of competition, the advance ticket sale for the events at Punahoa High School's Barwick Field was almost nonexistent. It seems likely that

never before had so few (1,500) paid so little (\$2,500) to see so much talent—\$20 million worth, given the fact that the organizers had insured each player for half a million.

The first day of competition was not a good one for champions. Both the Athletics and Steelers started strong by winning the tandem bike relays, pedaling furiously around an only track in their J.C. Penney plastic helmets, but disaster set in with the 1,320-yard medley. Bando, who was to lead off the first leg, asked apprehensively at the start, "Is that 110 yards? Looks more like 220 to me. I don't know if I can make it."

Bando nevertheless managed to stay even with Davey Lopes; Gene Tenace did the same with Wynn, and so did Bert Campanella and Garvey. Then the fourth Oakland runner, Bill North, opened 10 yards on Bill Buckner, but as he prepared to pass the baton to Reggie Jackson, Jackson started to move, perhaps a step too soon. Lunging desperately to get the stick into Jackson's hand, North fell face down onto the track and slid five yards as the baton skittered away. By the time Jackson found it the Dodgers' Bill Russell was long gone and Andy Messersmith, running the anchor 440, finished 30 yards ahead of Vida Blue, who had pretty much given up. Later, North said that Jackson had started too soon and had not looked back. Jackson said nothing. And Ray Fosse, after what he had gone through separating Jackson and North in their celebrated fight last June, moved discreetly out of range.

The Steelers promptly matched the Athletics' giveaway performance. Franco Harris, running the third leg, and 10 yards ahead, as North had been, passed

continued

Not kids and not kidding: Pittsburgh (above) and Minnesota (below) turned a child's contest into something that surpassed the Super Bowl. Pierce Ernie Holmes (center) unseemingly cheated portions of a crucial moment.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BILL EFFORD

the baton safely to Mike Wagner and then casually drifted out of his lane just in time to brush the Vikings' Paul Krause and throw him off stride. Mel Blount was 20 yards ahead of John Gilliam at the finish, but the Vikings already were besieging Joe Dey, the former commissioner of the pro golf tour who is now commissioner of Superstars. Dey upheld their protest.

In practice, the competitors had had some trouble getting over the 12-foot wall of the obstacle course, but now, adrenaline boosted by rage, all 24 made it, though the Dodgers, as a team, made it faster than the rest. The fastest individual, however, was the Steelers' Lynn Swann, who seemed to fly over the wall and went through the rest of the hazards like a laser. His time was 20.56 seconds, four seconds faster than anyone else had done it, or ever did do it. A disgraced Viking said, "Swann's so good at that because he's a second-story man in the off-season." So now the Dodgers and Steelers led their opponents two events to one.

Luckily for the Vikings, Swann was supernatural mostly on the ground and in the air. Despite his valiant try on the anchor lap of the swimming relay, Minnesota won it by four seconds. "If we'd played the Steelers on a wet field, we might have done better," Wally Hilgenberg observed.

A few minutes earlier the Dodgers had really ruined Oakland's day when Steve Yeager held off Tenace on the last lap to give Los Angeles a .73-second swimming victory.

Saturday, Bloody Saturday, was finally over, and the Vikings and Steelers were 2-2, with the brawny Athletics down 1-3 to the Dodgers.

On the second morning the action shifted to the abrasive coral sand of Waikiki, where the Athletics remained alive by edging the Dodgers 15-13 in volleyball, and the Steelers destroyed the Vikings 15-7 in a game marred (for Minnesota) by the suspicion that again Lynn Swann knew what he was doing. The canoe races that followed were decided less by the visiting pros than by the native helmsmen employed by each team. The esteemed Rabbit Kekai, winner of 11 Molokai-Oahu races, deftly engineered the Dodgers to a victory that eliminated Oakland from contention, 4-2, and Blue Makua Jr., another Molokai veteran,

performed a comparable service for the Vikings, who found themselves tied once again with Pittsburgh despite their volleyball fiasco.

The stage was now set for an event that most of the team had not even considered practicing, in the mistaken belief that there was nothing to know about pulling a rope. The tug-of-war was to be fought across a 4'-by-12' pit, knee deep and filled with water. Flagged pegs were sunk into the sand, 10 feet apart at each side of the pit, like the flanges of an I beam, and another flag was tied to the exact center of a hawser 50 feet long and two inches thick. Whichever team managed to pull the flag across its own line would win.

The Athletics, furious at their elimination from championship contention, came to the tug-of-war determined to deny the Dodgers the \$4,000 that went with victory in each preliminary event. Hawaii's Lord James Blears, a tugger in Lancashire before he became a professional wrestler (and father of Laura Blears Chung, fifth-place finisher in the Women's Superstars contest), was pit boss and referee.

As the A's and the Dodgers positioned themselves, His Lordship stepped into the water, took the hawser in hand and, the flag aligned with a central peg at the end of the pit, cried, "Take the strain!" Both teams began to pull, feet dug deep into the sand. Lord Blears stayed in position, tugging himself until the flag was precisely centered. Then he flung up his hands, stepped out of the pool, and the battle was on. It didn't last long. In a little more than five minutes the Athletics yanked the Dodgers almost to the water's edge, but in that short time an almost electric arc leapt from the taut hawser to the crowd and beyond. People began pushing to the pit from points along the beach 200 yards away. Nothing in the script had allowed for spectator interest in the tug-of-war, but Commentators Keith Jackson and O.J. Simpson, themselves caught by the tension, knew a grabber when they saw one and made the most of it.

The tug between the Dodgers and Athletics had meant little, since the Dodgers were already first-round winners. But the one between the deadlocked Steelers and Vikings was worth \$44,000 to the winner, a possible \$50,000 grand prize—and

a chance to replay the Super Bowl. The Steelers put Franco Harris, L.C. Greenwood, Andy Russell, Ray Mansfield, Jim Clark and Ernie Holmes on their end of the line. Six men, average age 28, average weight 245 pounds, 1,470 pounds of solid power. The Vikings countered with Ron Yary, Dave Osborn, Miek Tinglehoff, Jeff Semon, Alan Page and Carl Eller. Six men, average age 30, average weight 233. Perhaps a little less power, but perhaps a little more motivation. There was more than weight and more than money on the opposite sides of the pit. Courage, desire, pride—survival, in a sense—were on the line. The surface affluence of the past few days had vanished, and something strange and frightening was in progress on Waikiki.

When Lord Blears stepped into the pit the sudden crowd this tug-of-war had unexpectedly drawn went silent. He shouted again, "Take the strain!" A rumble began among the watchers, and as he lifted his hands and stepped from the pit it grew into a scream. The Vikings and the Steelers, their faces contorted, gloved hands locked onto the hawser like metal clamps, kept digging deeper and deeper into the coral sand, fought for every inch. It is difficult to describe the emotional storm that surged along the beach with each tiny movement of the flag above the pit. Gradually, jerkily, the flag began to edge toward the Steeler side, seven minutes had passed and it was almost over the sand. Two and one half feet short of a Pittsburgh victory.

On the Viking side, Page struggled to his feet, hoisting the rope over his shoulder and driving with piston thrusts of his massive legs. The flag wavered and began to inch back. Osborn, then nearest the pit, seemed to writhe in agony, his face suffused with blood, an empurpled mask. Twelve minutes. Franco Harris was now almost entombed in sand, his black beard blacker still against a face entirely drained of color. For a moment he sank over the rope, and the crowd wailed in empathy. With 14 minutes gone, and the flag now moving steadily toward the Viking side, Holmes made a desperate lunge from his anchor position to the front of the Steeler line, his feet almost in the water as he put all his enormous strength into a heroic effort at retrieval. It wasn't enough. His seconds-long absence from the line may, in fact, have cost

the Steelers their last hope, for as he moved the whole Viking team pulsed backward and the flag jerked a foot closer to the finish. At 16 minutes they took it across, to the accompaniment of a howl that must have been audible a mile away.

What had happened? What had happened to convert a putently pedestrian event—12 men pulling on a rope—into an emotional firestorm? One thing was certain: a tug-of-war, that small-time kid thing, had in 16 minutes transformed a TV non-event into a milestone sporting performance, a primeval confrontation, and reached into the guts of nearly 2,000 people. Dick Button, still shaking, spoke for many of them when he said, "Nothing—nothing, not even my own Olympic victories—has ever moved me like that."

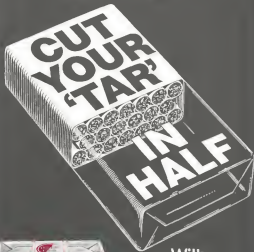
And one thing that had happened to the participants was easy to determine. It had damned near killed them. Some could not unlock their hands from the rope, and had to have their thumbs and fingers pried apart. Most of the Steelers lay in their self-dug graves for minutes after the tug-of-war ended. When O.J. Simpson knelt by Franco Harris, face down in the sand, Harris raised his head with difficulty to plead, through crusted lips, "Can you come back in 10 minutes? I'll still be right here." He was, too.

The Dodgers deserve a good deal more than a postscript to all this. After all, they won the thing, by a score of 5-2 over the Vikings. First they beat Oakland, then the Vikings, a team of substantially larger men, establishing themselves as superb athletes in all the events. And they had defeated an exhausted Minnesota team in the final tug-of-war—the Vikings, in fact, won only the running and the swimming relays.

Later Mack Tingelhoff and Dave Osborn tried to speak of their experience in the epic tug-of-war. How did the expenditure of energy compare with a football game? "Oh, more. Much more," Tingelhoff said. "More than two football games."

"It was an hour before I could get my gloves off," said Osborn. "It was the greatest experience, the greatest victory, I've ever had in sport. Better than any football game or anything else. We came here to beat the Steelers, and people who see that tug-of-war on television will remember it when they've forgotten who played in the 1975 Super Bowl." END

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THE MAGIC IS INSIDE



Track and field is man's oldest sport—remember the *Discobolus*, and Pheidippides bringing the 11 o'clock news from Marathon? Indoor track is some 2,300 years younger than Marathon, dating from 1868, when the New York A.C. put on the first meet under cover. It is a special sport, far more intimate than the outdoor version. The prime reason, as Artist Bob Stanley demonstrates, is the magic sense of nearness, of being close enough to share the athletes' emotions.

No event is more dramatic than pole vault—when man shoots into the air.





Women, from intent shotputters to lithe middle-distance runners, often add a special quality to the indoor sport.







WHEN YOU'RE IN, YOU CAN'T BE TOO FAR OUT OF IT

by TEX MAULE

He felt the frightening brush of the crossbar against his belly as he pushed the pole away and, falling, watched the bar tremble as he landed in the pit.

It held and he jumped up, hands clenched into fists. He bounded out of the foam rubber, and his brother and his girl came running across the track and hugged him. He lifted the girl and carried her around the arena. And all the spectators could read the joy on his face and the happiness, confusion and just a touch of fear on hers.

That was Don Bragg in 1959, breaking the indoor record for the pole vault. He did it in Philadelphia, and the 10,000 people watching were joyful with him, because in indoor track the performances go on virtually in the laps of the spectators. They can see and feel almost every effort and reaction that the athlete displays before, during and after the competition.

Outdoors, some events—the high jump, the javelin, the discus, for example—are almost ignored because of the distances between them and the stands. And the tension that develops during races inevitably slackens when the runners are on the far side of the track. Indoors, the emotion is always immediate.

It was there one night in a tall, thin, high school miler, a nobody, waiting for the starter's gun and trying to control a twitching leg, holding it still with both hands until the start. Running, the leg was no prob-

lem. Late in the race, trailing by a considerable margin, the boy sprinted the last two laps, caught the leaders at the tape and cried without shame.

It was there in Glenn Cunningham, the barrel-chested Kansan who dominated the mile 40 years ago. You could almost feel Cunningham's confidence as he briskly followed the pace, waiting for the precise moment to unleash his devastating sprint. It was there in the late '60s and early '70s when slender Martin McGrady, a superlative runner indoors who was never very successful outside, dueled on the boards in the 600 with the burly, aggressive Lee Evans, the Olympic 400-meter champion—a rapier challenging a saber.

If the crowd reacts to the tension, it also contributes to it. Since the fans are closer to the athlete, the athlete is closer to the fans, too, and he hears them and reacts to them. Steve Smith, the professional pole vaulter who has gone higher indoors than anyone else, amateur or pro, is visibly inspired by the excitement and anticipation of his audience. Kip Keino, the superb Kenyan runner, used to toss his cap to the spectators. "I have to thank the people," a winner will say. "They really fired me up." And a loser will mutter, "Damn crowd."

The indoor crowd appreciates the subtleties, the tactical drift to the outside down the straightaway to force a challenging opponent wide, the feigned indifference of one high jumper to the best efforts of his chief rival. The competition, the conflict, the tension are almost palpable.

And the splendid thing is, the spectators are aware of it. But, then, indoor track is an aware sport.

END

A long jumper waits for the starter's gun toward the end of the indoor arena.

According to popular belief, the Utah Stars ended up with the best of last year's high school athletes when they signed 6'11", 215-pound Moses Malone. Rising up to challenge that notion is the University of Kentucky's Jimmy Carr, a 5'4" 126-pounder. Five-foot-four? One hundred twenty-six pounds? Why, he couldn't even guard Monte Towe.

Well, Carr doesn't guard people so much as he bends them. What's more, with a swift single-arm drag, a devastating cradle and a dandy suplay, he already is showing signs of becoming the cornerstone of a new athletic dynasty.

Three years ago, a 17-year-old high school junior out of Erie, Pa., Carr became the youngest American ever to wrestle on an Olympic team and the youngest competitor in his sport at the Munch Games. He might be pint-sized and baby-faced, but Carr has manhandled opponents in just about every way imaginable, including stuffing one into a garbage can.

Wrestling fans were as shocked by Carr's enrollment at Kentucky as basketball huffs would have been had Malone gone to Kentucky State. The South is one of those areas of the country which wrestling has hardly taken by storm; in fact, Kentucky didn't even have a team until last season. There was a good reason for Carr's decision, however. The coach of that first Wildcat squad was one of Jimmy's big brothers.

There are many similarities in the careers, physiques, personalities and even in the illnesses of Jimmy and Coach Fletcher Carr Jr., although size is not one of them. Fletcher is 6'3½" and 195 pounds. Both are square of shoulder and jaw, and both have relaxed, handsome smiles, which they use as conversational exclamation marks instead of raising their voices. Neither might have wrestled had it not been for some odd designs in the tapestry of their lives, which once were distinctly separate but now are tightly interwoven.

As Fletcher practiced football one day in the seventh grade, a pebble became imbedded in his left leg. He dug it out and forgot about it until the next morning.

Then, during a mile walk to school, Fletcher's leg hurt so much that he passed out. Hospitalized seven weeks, he was told by physicians that they had considered amputation because the bone marrow had become infected.

Fletcher's wrestling career got rolling soon after his recovery, on the day he went out for swimming at Erie's East High School. When he was unable to find the team meeting, he strolled down the hall, saw wrestlers working out and dealt himself in. Fletcher lit into some of the boys with such gusto that the coach invited him back the next day. The result of that offhand invitation has been a succession of wrestling Carrs, easily the best of whom—so far—is Jimmy.

When Jimmy was in fifth grade he developed a serious staph infection in his right leg. Again the doctors contemplated amputation to halt the spread of infection. "At first they couldn't operate to try to save the leg because I had such a high temperature," Jimmy says. "Mom asked me if I wanted the leg cut off. I said, 'No, try to operate.' They put me in a tub of ice and sat me in front of a fan to get my temperature down. It worked and they saved my leg. I must have been in the hospital four or five months and had to start fifth grade all over the next year."

While making that second go at fifth grade, Jimmy was "convinced" by Fletcher and another older brother, Joe, that he should start wrestling. At first, Jimmy wanted no part of it—he hid behind posts in the wrestling room—but when he was finally pulled from hiding, he was surprised to discover he could loss other people around.

It was the next summer that Jimmy first encountered Tom Canavan, who was to become one of the most significant figures in his life. Canavan, a local tavern owner and longtime wrestling coach at the Erie Downtown YMCA, was preparing for a citywide tournament when he and Jimmy met. "It was two days before the tournament and Jimmy was practicing," Canavan recalls. "He had just been in some kind of trouble and had a dozen stitches in his wrist. I saw that the han-

Led by the best young American wrestler and his brother-coach, Kentucky suddenly finds itself

DRIVING UP WITH A COMPACT CARR

by HERMAN WEISKOPF

Working underneath his man, Carr scores a takedown with one of his superb suplays.



stage was soaked with blood, so I told him he shouldn't be working out. 'I'll be all right,' Jimmy said. He sure was. Jimmy finished first in his weight class—about 80 pounds—and was selected as the outstanding wrestler of the tournament."

"I was a bad kid," Jimmy says. "Terrible. I beat this basketball player about four, five games of one-on-one, and when we got to this girl's house the other kids laughed at him. He got mad and pulled out a knife. I grabbed him and we fell into a hedge. The girl ran for her big brother. By the time he came, I was on top of this boy, punching him with one hand and holding his knife with the other. The brother didn't know who was who, so he grabbed the knife and accidentally gashed me." Jimmy raised his left forearm to display the scar.

"Once, when I was in seventh grade, this tough guy who was also a wrestler wanted to fight me on a Sunday after church. I didn't want to fight because it was Sunday, so I picked him up and put him in a garbage can."

Jimmy proved to be just as tough on the mat as off, displaying exceptional quickness, balance and a natural grasp of the principles of leverage. Canavan helped him refine those talents. "I like to take wrestlers to open tournaments where they can compete against everybody—high-schoolers, college boys, college grads," Canavan says. "At a lot of those events they use Olympic rules and that helps prepare our boys for international competition. I started taking Jimmy when he was in seventh grade. I immediately put him in against high school boys, and I think the competition against older boys turned out to be the biggest thing in his development. When he was in the eighth grade I started putting him in against everyone and Jimmy began winning tournaments."

"In 1971 I sent him to the U.S. Wrestling Federation national junior championships, and he won. So I sent him to the AAL national juniors, and he won that. When he came home, I said, 'Jim, now you deserve a real good trip, so let's try for the national senior world championship. The trials are at the Naval

continued

Academy and if you make the team you'll go to Sofia, Bulgaria." He had been wrestling at 125 pounds, but I felt he had to go down to 114.5 to make the team. He told me, "I'll make you a bargain. I'll qualify at 125 and go to 114 for the final trials."

"Jimmy qualified second at 125.5 and had a few days off before the finals. But I noticed he wasn't trying to lose weight. When I asked him about it, he said, 'I don't think I'll go to 114.' I had never blown up at Jimmy, but this time I said, 'You mean you're going to waste all this time, your time and mine, and not even try to make 114?' He hung his head. Half an hour later I found him in a boiler room all bundled up in a sweat suit and lying on top of some hot pipes."

Carr made it down to 114.5, won his last two bouts 20-0 and 4-1 and went to Sofia. There he lost twice, won once and established himself as a world-class performer. He was 16 years old.

Meanwhile, Jimmy was busy sweating up a three-year record of 53-2 at East High, losing only in the state regionals as a freshman and sophomore. He won the state championship as a junior after returning from the Olympics.

Oh, the Olympics. "I shouldn't even have been there," he says. "A few

months before the Trials I pulled some ligaments in my left leg. It was in a cast for three months, and after they took the cast off I pulled the ligaments again. The doctor put on a new cast and told me it would have to be on another three months. I took it off after a few days, told Mom the doctor said my leg was all right and went to the Olympic Trials. I made the team, but in my last match my right arm was pulled out of the socket. That wasn't going to keep me from going to Munich.

"People back home had a Jimmy Carr Day and took up a collection so my parents could go, too. In Munich I was pinned by a Korean. Then I pinned a guy from Peru, but he pulled my arm out of the socket again. In my last match I was pinned by a Canadian and that put me out of the Olympics.

"Over there I roomed with Chris Taylor. He was almost a foot and a half taller than me and weighed about 325 pounds more. One night we went to the club they had for athletes in the Olympic Village. Chris looked at the dance floor and said, 'All the girls are taken.' I told him, 'Stick with me and I'll get you a girl in no time.' Pretty soon a girl asked Chris for his autograph. I told her I was his manager and she could only have

Chris' autograph if she danced with him first. Chris and this girl went out to the dance floor, which was jammed, and people made lots of room for them. I must've got him 20 dances that way.

"I'd get mad at Chris because he liked to sleep with the window open. He'd get mad at me because I liked to sleep with the radio on. When I'd think he was asleep, I'd get up and close the window, and when he thought I was asleep, he'd get up and turn off the radio.

"We both loved to eat. Our room was a floor above the dining hall, so one night Chris said we ought to try to get food from there. We were up on about the 20th or 21st floor and he lowered me out our window to the ledge below. I told Chris the dining room window was open."

Jimmy then beheld one of the most bizarre sights since King Kong assaulted the Empire State Building. When he glanced up, he saw Taylor climbing out the window and lowering himself to the ledge. "We went in the dining room window, loaded up with pop, sandwiches and fruit, went out the door and walked up to our room." And set the Olympic snacking record.

In the meantime older brother Fletcher was establishing himself as a fine and versatile college athlete. After he was

FLASHING THE FAMILY SMILE, CARR PUTS A LOCK ON DANILLIE, TWO, WHILE WIFE ANN KEEPS A HOLD ON STEPHANIE, ONE



named to Eric's all-city team in football, lettered for four years in track and, of course, won the city wrestling championship, he attended the University of Tampa. Despite rarely weighing more than 150 pounds, Fletcher was a four-year starter at center for the Tampa football team and one of the best in the South at his position.

In 1971, when Fletcher was a sophomore, Tampa Football Coach Fran Curci resigned to become head man at the University of Miami. Two years later he moved to a similar job at Kentucky. Once there, he proposed an idea to Kentucky's athletic director, Harry Lancaster. "I told him, 'I've got the perfect guy for you, someone who could be an assistant football coach, someone who just happens to have a couple of brothers who are great wrestlers and might come here if we make him wrestling coach,'" says Curci. There was just one problem. Kentucky did not have a wrestling team.

Although he was then only 23 years old, Fletcher seemed suited for the job. At Tampa he had built a reputation for combativeness, placing second in the U.S. karate championships and winning two small-college wrestling titles. He had won 56 matches in a row during one stretch, and his postgraduation plans were to tour the country and perhaps try out for the 1976 Olympic wrestling squad. Then came Kentucky's offer to coach a team that did not exist. Fletcher accepted, even though most people at the school thought a bar arm was something you rested on the mahogany.

When Fletcher first visited Kentucky a rosy picture was painted for him, but all he could see were problems. He felt that introducing wrestling there would be futile. "Then they took me to a basketball game and that's what sold me," Fletcher says. "The enthusiasm I saw there did it. I figured the spirit of the fans would help us do well in wrestling."

At the beginning, enthusiasm was all Fletcher had going for him. "When I got to Lexington in September 1973 it was too late to do any recruiting," he says. "So I put an ad in the campus newspaper that said, 'I need wrestlers. I need men. I need bodies.' I got some boys from the intramurals. I got walk-ons. I deliberately scheduled our first match away. Morehead State annihilated us 39-6." But the first year's team finished with a commendable 7-11 record, and Fletcher stayed on.

continued

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FLETCHER HAS LED UK TO 73-4 RECORD

Much of his hope for the future lay in enticing brothers Joe and Jimmy into joining him at Kentucky. Joe, a freshman at Ashland (Ohio) College, was reluctant. For that matter so was Jimmy, who knew he could take his pick of almost any of the established wrestling schools in the country.

Fletcher Sr. spoke up. He said he felt it would be mighty nice for the brothers to be reunited in Kentucky. When Fletcher Sr. speaks, people listen, especially his parishioners at the Mt. Zion Apostolic Faith Church of God and his 16 children, another of whom, 14-year-old Nate, has shown promise of becoming a wrestler in Jimmy's class. Thus, in 1973 Joe transferred from Ashland and Jimmy, still a high school student, moved to Kentucky with his wife Ann and their infant daughters Danille and Stephanie.

With help from Tom Canavan, Jimmy found a berth in the most prestigious of all in-season tournaments, the Midlands, where competition for noncollege wrestlers is by invitation only. There was much curiosity there about Jimmy, who had trained primarily according to Olympic rules and now would be facing his sternest challenge ever under U.S. college rules. In the Olympics major emphasis is placed on tilting an opponent's

shoulders toward the man. Collegiate rules stress this, too, but they also make takedowns more valuable.

At the Midlands, Jimmy blitzed his way into the finals, where he met a former NCAA titleholder at 118 pounds, Mark Massey of Northwestern. Jimmy whipped him 11-7 and won the Outstanding Wrestler award, the only time in the tournament's 12-year history it has been given to a high-schooler.

Even before Jimmy enrolled at Kentucky there was speculation whether he could become the first wrestler ever to go through a four-year college without a loss. Olympic Gold Medalist Dan Gable of Iowa State nearly did it, suffering his only defeat in his final match. Jimmy's first college bout on Nov. 26, 1974 was against one of the best freshmen in the country, Morehead State's John Steele, a high school All-American and national junior champ. The first points of the match were scored on a second period reversal by Jimmy, who went on to win 10-2.

A month later in the Midlands, Jimmy moved up to the 134-pound class but lost the title on a referee's decision to Don Behm, a 1968 Olympic silver medalist. So Jimmy will not go undefeated, but he still has a chance to remain unbeaten against college opponents in regular-season and NCAA tournament competition. His record so far against such opposition is 26-0 and includes a 6-5 triumph over Oklahoma State's Billy Martin, who was second at the nationals last year. Being all-victorious will not be simple for Jimmy, especially since Pat Milkovich, a junior at Michigan State, is in his weight class. Milkovich is already a two-time NCAA champion and will face Jimmy in Kentucky's final dual match of the season this week at East Lansing.

Successful Jimmy is, fanatical he is not. This season he has lifted weights for the first time, but for the most part he relies on natural talent and swift combination moves. In collegiate bouts he often gives an opponent a one-point escape, which is not a gesture of kindness but a maneuver that permits him to bore in once again for another takedown worth two points.

Most of all Carr wants an Olympic gold medal in 1976. Until recent years that would have been a preposterous goal for an American wrestler. But the U.S. won six medals in Munich: three golds, one silver, two bronzes. That perfor-

mance will help Carr; Americans are good enough to win. What's more, while still in high school he earned a tie and a 5-3 win over Roman Dmitriyev, the U.S.S.R.'s 1972 Olympic gold medalist at 125.5 pounds.

And Jimmy feels he has an obligation to excel at his sport. "Wrestling made me a better person," he says. "It got me off the streets, where lots of my friends got in trouble that landed them in jail. I like wrestling because it's not like team sports, where if the team loses you lose. You're out there on your own. Nobody can help you. If I make a mistake, it's my mistake, and I have to accept the penalty for it."

Meanwhile, the Kentucky dynasty is building. Knowing that Jimmy, Joe and Fletcher are in Lexington has lured other fine wrestlers there. The Wildcats are 23-4 this season and already have won 33-9 over Auburn, last year's Southeastern Conference champion.

Fletcher tends to give the credit wholly to his team, particularly to Jimmy and Joe, the latter a 167-pounder who has won two national junior titles, was second in the world juniors in 1973 and is 25-0-1 for Kentucky this season. But of course Fletcher has been instrumental in Kentucky's upsurge, both as an astute coach and a man of imposing presence. Even when shouting encouragement to his wrestlers during a match, he is dignified, ramrod-straight. His touch rubs off in other sports. Last fall, as an interior-line coach for the Wildcat football team, Fletcher helped Rick Nazam develop into an All-America center.

All the Carr power that has things booming at Kentucky had to come from somewhere, and the sons agree the source is Fletcher Sr. "You think we're tough? You should've seen that dude when he was younger," says Fletcher Jr.

Jimmy likes to tell about the day his father playfully wrestled Fletcher Jr. to the floor with a headlock. When another brother, Willie, who is now a second-degree black belt in karate, tried to intervene, the father crunched him by wrapping his legs around him. "All the while he held them, Momma swatted Fletcher and Willie on the head with a broom," Jimmy says. And while it was going on, Fletcher Sr. surely wore the marvelous Carr smile, the smile on Fletcher Jr.'s lips as he contemplates his handwork and says, "I think I'm going to do it."

END

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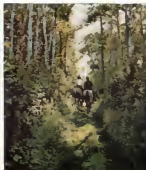
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The clock says time is running out for college recruiters awaiting the third coming of Moses. In this case, Moses may be Bill Cartwright, the high school senior of 1975 that every recruiter would most like to lend a limousine. He is 7' 1/2", clears a backboard better than a detergent and is a straight-shootin' man, cut in the style of Kareem Abdul-Jabbar. Can he play? Yep, he's a monster.

This season's incubator superstar lives in Elk Grove, Calif., an agricultural community on the outskirts of Sacramento largely inhabited by hardworking people and cows. He is averaging 37 points and 23 rebounds a game, can dribble through a crowded bus and shoots the ball as if he has cross hairs on his fingertips.

Last year Moses Malone was the high school rage, right up there with sequined denims and rocker soles. There were mesmerizing tales of scouts crawling through shrubbery, hiding under beds and losing cars in his driveway. Malone was that good. Bill Cartwright may be, too.

At this time of year hardly a day passes that the mother of a high school senior with a galloping pituitary does not open the front door and see anywhere from one to one dozen scouts standing there, ready to go into their song-and-snappy-pitter act. The difference, in the case of Bill Cartwright, is that his parents aren't buying any.

Since James and Marie Cartwright did not want to end up peddling their son Bill to the fastest talker, on Jan. 29 he made an early commitment to play for the University of San Francisco. For the last three years USF Coach Bob Gaillard, whom the Cartwrights respect, visited Elk Grove so often that his car almost learned to drive there by itself. "I probably made 50 trips and that estimate might be low," he says.

Gaillard was not being foolish. Cartwright has a devastating jump shot, makes almost 80% of his free throws and, when the other team does not put up a human wall between him and the basket, jets to the hoop. Only once during his high school career has a team attempted to guard him man-for-man, and Cartwright scored 62 points in less than three quarters. Normally he is unable to get off a hook because there are so many opponents surrounding him he cannot sweep his arm up. His feet ache from being stepped on by the crowd of defend-

ers that always follows him. Cartwright could still change his mind, but Gaillard is looking to the future without reservations. "The real bonus with Billy is he looks you right in the eye. He wants to learn and realize his potential. And he's humble," Gaillard adds.

Classmates at Elk Grove High say Cartwright could be elected student body president. His popularity is that of a sunny assistant crossing guard rather than that of a star who has been interviewed by TV networks. Among his best friends are the basketball manager and a member of the golf team for whom Cartwright caddies during tournaments. He dates the vice-principal's daughter, babysits his coach's kids and is a favorite autograph giver among Sacramento schoolchildren.

And he is just 17 and still growing. Physicians estimate he will sprout another inch or two. "My doctor told me Bill was going to be a seven-footer," says his mother. "He laughed when Bill was born, said he was as big as two babies."

Cartwright grew up to be one large kid on the farm where his father works. By the time he was eight years old he was big enough to drive a tractor, and when he was in the eighth grade he stood 6' 6" and weighed 220 pounds. At that time he gave up being a baseball pitcher and a football tight end and field-goal kicker, and turned strictly to basketball. Cartwright wore ankle weights everywhere except to bed, did special agility drills, developed a routine of fancy moves and took 645 practice shots a day. As a sophomore he made the Sacramento all-city team and as a junior he was Northern California's Player of the Year. Now all-star game promoters all across the country, every college coach and perhaps some pro teams would like to have him.

To keep at least some of those pursuers away, the Cartwrights and Bill's high school coach, Dan Risley, developed an umbrella defense. There were strict rules about when and how long recruiters and media people could visit, and you needed the FBI to get the family's telephone number. The only publicity hound at the Cartwright house is Bill's dog Buzzy. When the doorbell rings, he perks up thinking someone is there to take his photograph. "I never knew what to tell all those people who came to the door," says Marie Cartwright. Now she won't have to tell them anything.



Everyone wants Bill Cartwright, but USF seems to have him

*A high road
for a hot
high-schooler*

continued

THE WEEK

by LARRY KEITH

MIDWEST

Hospitalized because of an appendix flare-up, Louisville Coach Denny Crum had plenty of time to think about a road game against dangerous Drake. Between antibiotic shots Crum decided to replace the Cardinals' man-to-man defense with a three-two zone. As it turned out, the shots prevented a trip to the operating room for Crum, and the zone prevented a drop from first place in the Missouri Valley standings for Louisville. "A 20-point victory beats the hell out of penicillin any day," said Crum after the 86-66 win.

Exceptional defense is nothing new to New Mexico State, which ranks second nationally in that department. "We've been having our problems on offense," Coach Lou Henson said, "but our defense has been tremendous. Defense can't carry you all the way, but it has kept us in the Missouri Valley race." The Aggies stayed right behind Louisville by beating West Texas State 73-53 and North Texas State 73-59. They led the Buffaloes by only two points early in the second half before three steals, leading to easy layups, broke the game open.

In Jack Hartman's opinion, his Kansas State team has a slippery grip on co-leadership in the Big Eight. The Wildcats trailed last-place Colorado by nine points before a 20-4 spurt lifted them to an 80-66 victory. Things got worse against Oklahoma, with State losing 78-71. Hartman cautioned, "We'd better take a long look at those standings in the newspaper because we're not going to be where we are very long if we keep playing the way we did." Kansas gained a first-place tie with a 76-62 win over Iowa State and a 59-57 victory against Oklahoma State.

Texas A&M defeated Arkansas 62-69 in a showdown of Southwest Conference leaders. Air Force upset Pan American 90-66 when the Broncs could make only 22 of 74 field-goal attempts. Creighton topped crosstown rival Nebraska-Omaha 62-53 and Oklahoma City 66-56. Memphis State whipped UC-Santa Barbara 74-62 and Wisconsin-Milwaukee 81-69.

1. LOUISVILLE (17-3) 2. MEMPHIS ST. (16-4)

WEST

UCLA all but clinched its 13th conference title in 14 years by repeating the previous week's sweep of Oregon and Oregon State. The Ducks were devastated 95-66, the Beavers merely beaten 74-62. "There's little doubt that UCLA is better than last year," said Or-

egon Coach Dick Harter. The Bruins made a convincing case by zooming to a 42-9 first-half lead. Andre McCarter played a leading role with 14 points and 12 assists in his finest game of the year.

Oregon State's loss to UCLA followed an 80-76 defeat of USC in which Lonnie Shelton scored 25 points and Gus Williams 24. Against Oregon on Saturday night, the Trojans won 92-90.

Arizona State and Arizona withstood a challenge to their Western Athletic Conference supremacy in games against Utah and Brigham Young. On Friday night the Sun Devils won 96-90 and the Wildcats triumphed 91-81. The teams changed partners on Saturday night, with Arizona State beating the Cougars 99-79 and Arizona topping the Utes 93-89.

In the West Coast Athletic Conference, San Francisco moved into title contention by upsetting Nevada-Las Vegas 113-110.

1. UCLA (16-2) 2. ARIZONA STATE (15-2)

MIDEAST

Indiana victories over Minnesota and Northwestern made the awarding of the Big Ten title to the top-ranked Hoosiers a mere formality. So it was not surprising to hear early assessments of Indiana's national-championship chances. "That's a smart team," said Gopher Coach Bill Musselman after his team's 69-54 loss. "It's poised and dedicated. That's why it will go all the way."

Musselman was so impressed with the Hoosiers that he ended once and for all a long-standing feud with Bobby Knight by shaking hands with the Indiana coach. Then he went to Knight's dressing room and paid his respects to the players. "Why not?" he said. "They deserve it." Most deserving was Scott May, who scored 26 points and held Mark Landsberger to two field goals.

Indiana was not causing all the discomfort for Big Ten teams, however. Some of them were bringing it on themselves. Ohio State Coach Fred Taylor suspended four players for disciplinary reasons, but the Buckeyes still managed to beat Iowa 75-69. Conference Commissioner Wayne Duke placed league-leading scorer Terry Furlow of Michigan State on probation because of an elbow-swinging incident earlier in the season.

Alabama and Kentucky continued to dominate the Southeastern Conference. The Wildcats revenge a loss to Auburn by romping 119-76, but lost to Tennessee 103-98. The Tide beat Mississippi State 83-68 and Mississippi 88-79. Kentucky Coach Joe Hall called the Auburn victory "probably our most complete game of the year."

Alabama fans' respect for Leon Douglas is such that the 6'11" center scored a season-low four points and still got applause. "Actually it was one of his best games," Coach C. M. Newton said after the defeat of Mis-

sissippi State. Douglas was a workhorse on defense, grabbing 17 rebounds and blocking eight shots.

Vanderbilt defeated LSU 83-74 despite scoring eight fewer field goals. The Tigers did not make one trip to the free-throw line while the Commodores had 38 chances. "It's impossible," said LSU Coach Dale Brown. Vanderbilt made 23 foul shots.

Notre Dame had a good week, beating Air Force 99-66, St. John's 68-67 and La Salle 91-73. Adrian Dantley scored 49 points against the Falcons, hitting 16 of 19 field goals and 17 of 19 free throws.

Marquette went through the motions in a 63-53 defeat of Western Carolina but reverted to more convincing form with an 81-62 decision over Detroit.

1. INDIANA (24-0) 2. ALABAMA (18-2)

EAST

Things were tight as usual in the Atlantic Coast Conference, where four Top 20 teams stayed within a game of each other in the standings. In the key scrap Maryland beat North Carolina 96-74. Earlier, the Tar Heels had scored a 78-70 victory over Duke. North Carolina State played well below its capabilities on the road while defeating Virginia 59-46 and Wake Forest 89-87. The Wolfpack's victory over the Cavaliers was unusual because State played so deliberately on offense that David Thompson finished to make a single second-half basket and finished with only 19 points. Coach Norman Sloan ordered the "tease" offense because "we were in foul trouble and we weren't getting any movement." Cavalier Guard Billy Langlois put it another way: "Imagine," he said, "a team with those players having to freeze the ball." While the NCAA was investigating possible rule violations by Clemson, the Tigers clawed Wake Forest 71-54 and followed that up by beating Duke 100-66.

La Salle ended Penn's five-year domination of the Philadelphia Big Five by beating Villanova 74-73 in overtime. Joe Bryant scored the winning basket, but after his 28-point, 15-rebound performance, the 6'10" junior said, "I still make a lot of stupid plays. When I start to dominate games back to back, just dominate, dominate, dominate, I might consider the pros. I'm not doing that right now."

Holy Cross looked like New England's best after Marty Halsey's jumper beat Providence 69-68. Meanwhile, Boston College was being upset by Fairfield 80-74 and the University of Connecticut was nipping Rutgers 90-89.

Penn may not be the best in Philadelphia, but the Quakers still ruled the Ivy League after topping Dartmouth 80-70 and Harvard 103-81.

1. MARYLAND (18-2) 2. N.C. STATE (18-3)

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IN CHICAGO NAVRATILOVA PUT AWAY HER FRIEND CHRIS FOR THE SECOND TIME

The night before Martina Navratilova was to meet Chris Evert in the quarterfinals of the Virginia Slims tournament in Washington, D.C. three weeks ago, she did what any nervous young player might have done under the circumstances. She phoned home for some fatherly advice.

"Play drop shots on her backhand," said Mirek Navratil from Revinice, Czechoslovakia.

Martina then did what most youngsters do. "I forget it," she replied. "That way I'll lose 6-2, 6-3 I'll play drop shots on her forehand."

At 18, Martina Navratilova is still young enough to need reassurance from

home, old enough to make her own decisions and good enough to have beaten the queen of tennis two weeks out of the last three. Following her own advice, in Washington she beat Evert 3-6, 6-4, 7-6 and went on to win the tournament. Chris, who did not get where she's, which is No. 1 in the world, by letting 18-year-olds walk over her, came back the next week in Akron and put away their second-round match regally, 6-3, 6-1.

But last week, in the chilled vastness of Chicago's International Amphitheatre, before 7,000 delirious underdog-roopers, Martina did it again, and this time it wasn't even close: 6-4, 6-0, and match point was an ace.

"I realized she was not moving as fast as usual, so I hit cross-court and made her run," said Martina. "I was winning my serve quite easily, and after I broke her in the first game of the second set I was confident. I think she got down a little bit because she was not able to pass me as easily as usual."

The crowd in Chicago knew that it was watching something special. In the first set, when Martina won a point after Evert had run her repeatedly from one corner of the baseline to the other, the crowd roared for two full minutes.

"It was unbelievable," said Martina. "I felt like I should put my hands in my ears so as not to hear them."

The morning after the match, with the final against Margaret Court only a few hours away, Martina mused, "Now I should be able to beat anybody." But Court, whose comeback is pattering momentum, was not ready to be the first victim. She outplayed Navratilova 6-3, 3-6, 6-2.

Ever since 1973, when she arrived in the U.S. at the age of 16 to play on the short-lived USLTA women's tour, tennis people have been talking about the Navratilova potential—her aggressive left-handed game, her great strength, her natural ability. Watch the Czech, they said. It is only a matter of time.

Warning flags that the time might be approaching went up last September, when Martina won her first U.S. tournament, the Slims Orlando event, beating Rosalyn Casals, Françoise Durr and Julie Heldman. Then in Sydney, in December, Martina upset Court 6-4, 6-3 in the quarterfinals of the Australian Open.

Continued

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To be sure, Court was just returning to competition after taking most of the year off to have her second child. But Court was still Court, and for Martina the match was a psychological milestone.

"In your tennis career," she says, "there are a couple of chances to be among the best or to be not so good. It depends on one or two matches in your life whether you are going to make it or not. It was really hard for me to beat Chris in Washington. If I had lost that tie breaker in the last set I could have been discouraged and maybe would not try as hard again. But maybe my real turning point was when I first beat Margaret Court. I was playing badly and I didn't feel like beating anyone. But, you see, Margaret Court and Billie Jean were my goddesses, from the first time I saw them on TV at Wimbledon when I was eight or nine. And here I was, *playing* Margaret Court."

Facing a goddess across a net might have paralyzed some young players, but the experience seems to have exhilarated Navratilova. "I wasn't afraid of her," she says. "I beat her in two sets."

"It will be interesting to see how Martina comes along now," said Court last week in Chicago. "It's around this age that you must move into the top three or four. This is the period when you'll see whether she can take the pressure, whether she keeps coming up for matches, whether she has good wind."

"If she really wants to be No. 1 she will be," says Billie Jean King. "Right now she's still erratic. It's just her age at this point. If she were really ready she'd have come back and beat Chris the next week, too. A true champion wins tournaments back to back. But she is capable of doing anything she wants."

Peachy Kellmeyer, the Virginia Slims tour director, says, "The question now is whether she can keep tennis the most important thing in her life."

Tennis did not become the most important thing in Navratilova's life until she was five years old. Her grandmother, Agnes Semenska, now 69, had been ranked No. 2 in Czechoslovakia before World War II, but Martina started out as a skier. The first years of her life were spent 5,000 feet up in the Krkonose Mountains, where she was bound into skis at 2½. In 1961, when she was five, the family moved down to Revnice, a town of 5,000 some 15 miles outside Prague. Navratilova does not admit to

homesickness, but she speaks fondly of Revnice. "In the summer I go swimming to the river or hunting mushrooms in the hills, and in the winter I ski. It's really a lot of fun."

In Revnice Martina's father and her mother Jana concentrated on tennis, playing amateur tournaments in the summer months. "They were at the courts every day and they took me with them," says Martina. "I had an old racket that my father cut down and I hit the ball against a wall. I could do it for hours. They would make me stop and sit me on a chair but whenever they didn't watch me I would go to the wall again."

She played her first tournament when she was eight, and made the semifinals. "The officials didn't want me to play," she says. "They said I wasn't strong enough. But I beat some players five or six years older." At 14 she won her first national title in the 14-and-under division and two years later won the first of her three national women's championships as well as the national junior title, and in that order.

In the meantime she played soccer with boys and ice hockey in the winter and went to school like everybody else. "I was the third best student in my class but I never studied. By the time I was 15 and 16 I didn't have time to study anyway. I loved geography and I imagined myself in places like New York and Chicago. When I got a letter from my association telling me I might go to the United States for two months, I just couldn't believe it. Now I am spending as much time here as at home."

When Navratilova arrived in the U.S. two years ago, she spoke Czech, German and Russian, but little English. Now she is handling at least one press conference and one or two TV interviews a day.

Of her first season in the U.S., she says, "My eyes were wide open then. You know, the big highways and big cars." Also wide open at those days was her mouth. She took in pancakes and Big Macs at such a rate that within two months she had gained more than 20 pounds. "I was really fat and really slow, but I didn't know I was fat. I couldn't see it. I still love Big Macs, but I haven't had a pancake in six months."

Some of the weight is gone now, but she remains a sturdy 5'7½". Her shoulders are broad and her arms and thighs look powerful. She has short light-brown hair, as fine as a child's, and her face is

dominated by high, wide cheekbones and forthright hazel eyes. She moves on the court with the economy and assurance of a complete athlete. Bent from the waist at the baseline, waiting for an opponent's serve, she spins her racket handle in her palms. Her head and shoulders were slightly from side to side, cobra-like, but her feet remain still.

Her serve is perhaps the best part of her game. "I get a high percentage of my first serves in, so I get to the net often and am in good position to put away the next shot. I'm quite good on the net, too. Once I get there I feel really comfortable." Her overhead is awesome. "Sometimes it's not on," she says. "I might miss three in a row. So maybe the percentage is the same as other players, but it is powerful."

Her backhand, she thinks, needs the most improvement. "I have a good slice backhand but I have to improve my top spin. I don't miss but also I don't get myself into position to put it away."

Peachy Kellmeyer says Navratilova has the best half-court volley of any woman player she has seen. "Billie Jean gets down lower," says Kellmeyer, "but Martina's is more completely natural."

It was King who told Martina a few weeks ago that she was going to have to practice more, and who then devoted several hours a day in Sarasota to practicing with her. And it is from King that she is beginning to learn some things about fame and the way of the American sports fan. "Billie Jean told me not to read what is written about me. It might not be true and you might get mad and so you better don't."

Martina's fellow players seem fond of her, and she is comfortable with them. Chris Evert and she recently teamed up as regular doubles partners and have already won their first tournament. "We got along great," says Evert. "If anyone is going to beat me, I hope it's Martina. Her potential is fantastic and there's nothing in her way except [Chris taps her forehead with her finger] her attitude."

"Chris really is the best player right now," says Navratilova. "She plays the same all the time. Maybe a little bit worse one time and a little bit better another, but mostly the same, which is hard to do when you are the best. It is easier to be a challenger. You have nothing to lose. If you lose it means nothing. If you win it's great. It is easier to be—what do you call it—the black horse."

END

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Pips for the bats of China

Reverting to pebbled sponge rackets and an active attacking game, Peking's iron men regain the world team championship in Calcutta

Two years ago in Yugoslavia, at the last World Table Tennis Championships, a time-honored Chinese custom was abruptly ended. Peking's players neglected to win the sport's two main prizes. The Swaythling Cup for men's team play was carried home by Swedes, while its counterpart for women, the Corbillon Cup, was lugged to South Korea.

Though Peking's trophy chest did not go empty—the Chinese won the men's and women's singles cups—experts thought they saw a trend. Tamed to house pets by too many "friendship" visits, China's tigers had been caught, perhaps passed. In particular, Europe's men were cited: Sweden's wily Stellan Bengtsson and his forehead-slugging teammate, Kjell Johansson; Yugoslavia's Dragutin Surbek and Anton Supancic, representing a new breed of crushing topspin artists, that fiercest sponsor of them all, Hungary's Istvan Jonyer—players whose smooth-faced sponge rackets, long bowler's backswings and longer, upward-whipping strokes can loop the ball so savagely that it will carom off an unprepared opponent's paddle and go straight up, 10 feet or more.

Last week, reportedly in good form, all of Europe's finest were among the players from 53 countries who gathered in Calcutta for the 33rd world championships, and the question being asked was whether a European team could once again keep the cup away from China. Her strength was hard to read. In recent matches throughout the world China's record had been good, but it was often difficult to tell if her table-tennis ambassadors were really trying. China has so many players it was hard to figure which would be selected for the Swaythling Cup team, and after the five were announced who could say which styles would be relied on?

Since style is important in Swaythling Cup play, captains try to make choices

that are best against particular opponents. They must guess which players will be used against them and their order of play—facts revealed only in the sealed lineups both sides hand in just before the matches.

Of the 10 men China brought to Calcutta (three would play in the singles and doubles only, not the cup matches), all were probably sound Swaythling Cuppers. Moreover, they represented all styles: European-type loopers, defenders (nearly extinct, these days) and even classic Chinese penholder-grip attackers with blocking backhands and compact, rapid-fire forehands (very rare also).

In Calcutta's 12,500-seat Netaji Stadium, newly built for the event, it was easy to spot the Chinese. As always, they moved in large groups, and in their red track suits they were either a vivid cluster in the stands or a long red line moving around the perimeter of the vast wooden playing floor, where 20 tables were centered in green-barred rectangles 46 by 23 feet. One fact stood out as brightly as the outfits: China had not named to her Swaythling team the reigning world singles champion, Hsi En-ting. "Not good enough," said Hsu Yin-sheng, head of the Chinese contingent. "But we brought him along so he could defend his singles title." So the world champion obediently followed the red professional, but he played in the practice hall only during team competition.

Not good enough? Perhaps. But a better guess, as events soon demonstrated, was that China, having lost the team cup ("More important than the singles cup," said Mr. Hsu), was abandoning the modern style as represented by Hsi En-ting and returning to the classic.

A decade ago, when no one dreamed of beating China, her world singles champion was Chuang Tse-tung. He was the sport's all-time greatest and he regularly displayed the clean, destructive force of

the classic Chinese game. Integral to this style is the simple pip-faced sponge bat, far slower and less grippy than the smooth-faced inverted-pips sponge used today by almost every world-class player. Pips-out sponge is easier to use in some ways than the flat surface but much harder in other ways. There is more control, but you don't make any cheap points with it because you can't play spin-ball with the spinners, and you can't make the ball do the tricks it will do off the inverted pips. But Chuang was not a spinner or a trickster. He believed in power. Mechanically perfect, his poison forehead rifled balls on a low, flat trajectory to the smallest targets on the table. It was a short, cruel stroke, a kind of upward karate slice toward his forehead. Watching him, one always felt surprised if a shot he had tried, no matter how daring, missed. He was an artist, and he had the habit of perfection.

Chuang's style supposedly is dead; the hypermoderns claim that even at his best Chuang could not have attacked today's loopers, and Chuang, who retired in '71, is not around to prove them wrong. But perhaps he has been training surrogates. Certainly the play at Calcutta suggested it, for in China's first difficult match, against Yugoslavia, a team led by the dreaded spin merchants Surbek and Supancic, China sent out a team of attackers all reminiscent of Chuang, and they all used pips-out sponge. In the warm-ups their bats seemed inadequate against the menacing Yugoslavs, but when play began, what destruction! The rat-tat-tats of their forehands were heard all over the hall, and the source was unmistakable because the flat sponge, being used on all other tables, is nearly silent. In particular, Hsu Shao-fa and Li Chen-shih did the damage. They cut up Surbek and Supancic like a team of hurried surgeons on amputation duty. One admired their skill and was awed by the outcome.

Next China played Hungary, and this time Peking sent in not three but 2½ pips-out players—surgeons Hsu Shao-fa and Li Chen-shih and now a third, Liang Koliang, a small, wiry acrobat who plays half-and-half, pips in on one side of his bat and pips out on the other. With his half-and-half, Liang wholly destroyed two Hungarians, Gabor Gerjely and Janos Borzas, 21-10, 21-8 and 21-8, 21-8. The final result was China 5-0.

After honing their scalpels on Japan

(5-3), the Chinese went to work on Sweden. This, although a semifinal, was supposed to be the big match, and the Swedes were given a good chance. But only the 6'3" Johansson, nicknamed 'The Hammer,' came through. He made comebacks against Liang and Li and won both of those matches, but Bengtsson lost the three he played, and Ulf Thorsell, the third Swede, did not have a prayer in his two.

That brought things to the finals where, curiously, the undefeated Chinese again saw Yugoslavs cooing to the table, grim but ambulatory—a team left for dead in the operating room. But there was no mistake; China and Yugoslavia had finished first and second in their group, then Yugoslavia had beaten Czechoslovakia, the top-finishing team in Group A, and so moved into the finals.

Surbek, 28, is not the most graceful of players, the Yugoslav is often forced out of attacking position and on to defense. But he has a shot for this. Retreating to the barrier, some 18 feet behind the table, he returns his opponents' kill shots with high arcing lobbs that soar about 20 feet above the net and are not easy to put away because of the topspin they carry. In the finals against Hsu, Surbek often made half a dozen successive lobbs, and if Hsu weakened on any kill Surbek would lunge at the ball with a savage forehand counterdrive, hurtling his entire body at it, usually ending up on the floor with the point won or lost above him.

Hsu was quite a different player. To appreciate Hsu one must understand form and the beauty of mathematics, or, as one Dutch player put it, "the concept of space and time." Hsu's most interesting trait is a serve in which he throws the ball 15 feet straight up. The increased velocity of the ball, falling from that height, gives Hsu more mass to deal with at impact, thus more spin.

Hsu was undefeated when he met Surbek the second time around, and Surbek had lost only once, to Hsu. This time Surbek evened their personal record with a stunning comeback win, 21-23, 21-16, 21-14, but China won five matches to three, and therefore the cup.

Afterward Chinese players went back to the practice room to warm up for the singles. A Hong Kong player passing through heard one Chinese say to another, "I am getting tired, let's quit. Last 50 games."

END



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NEW ZEALAND'S JOHN WALKER FINISHES GALLANTLY AS THE INTENSE BAYI WINS MILE IN 3:56.4

The quickening education of Filbert Bayi

Tanzania's fine miler was noted outdoors for his withering front-running, but in U.S. indoor meets he has rapidly learned how to rate himself. In San Diego he was master and two strong opponents the students

Filbert Bayi, the remarkable middle-distance runner from Tanzania, had vowed to make this indoor track season a learning experience that would profit him well later on in bigger races in the great outdoors. His five-week U.S. tour started in Madison Square Garden on Jan. 31 with a victory in the Millrose Games mile, but finishing first was incidental to his quest for racing knowledge. Training was the thing, he suggested, and if he broke the tape while running for experience, what was the harm?

Well, as John Walker and Rick Wohlhuter discovered last Saturday night in San Diego, a little learning is a dangerous thing. For Bayi has passed a crum course in indoor-mile strategy after just three meets, subtly revising his tactics while giving quality performances consistently. The indoor Bayi is a decidedly different runner from the impulsive African who set the track world on its ear outdoors: the astonishing front-runner

who relished the idea of opening up 40 yards of daylight on the pack in the first half mile. Forced into a more conservative style by the tighter turns and shorter straights of the 160-yard indoor track, Bayi has mastered the concept of running with his rivals while distributing strength more evenly over the course of the race. And he probably has become a better runner as a result.

For strategic performance it is hard to imagine a better effort than the race Bayi ran in San Diego, a 3:56.4 victory that equaled the third-fastest mile ever contested under cover. To achieve that clocking, only a couple of ticks off Tony Waldrop's world record of 3:55, Bayi ignored the enticing early pace of a "rabbit" named Ed Zuck, put down the giddy challenge of Walker and ended Wohlhuter's string of victories at 26.

It is doubtful that Bayi could have accomplished any of those ends using his front-running style of last summer, and

he was aware of this. A week earlier, after beating Walker by a yard in Los Angeles in 3:59.6, Bayi had said, "I think it is time I changed my tactics. I can't use the old ones indoors. My goal now is not a world record, but to learn to run indoors. People think that I must always go to the front, but I don't now like to lead all the way."

And in San Diego, the day before the race, he said, "I think I will have to go, like them, in groups, even if they wait to run the last quarter in :55. They would like me to run ahead, but I have to save my strength for the end. They are more experienced. I don't know indoors and I am just using this for training."

Everyone expected that Bayi would get his biggest training impetus from Wohlhuter, the Sullivan Award winner who holds the world records at 1,000 meters and 880 yards outdoors and who had run a 3:57.7 indoor mile almost by himself on Jan. 25. "Bayi's a challenge for me,"

continued



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said Wohlhuter. "I keep beating the same guys in the half mile all the time, and I need something new. This race is sort of an experiment for me. I want to see what I can do. It might be too early for me to face difficult mile competition, but I want to give it a shot anyway."

As for leading, Wohlhuter said, "I don't think I'll have to worry about that. I think Bayi may not lead in the beginning, but by the middle stages of the race he will. If he runs a slow pace, he'll play right into my hands. I'll bide my time, just waiting to jump on him."

Almost at the same moment Wohlhuter was discussing his plans for the San Diego mile, Walker was 3,000 miles away, running to a 3:58 victory in the *Toronto Star's* Maple Leaf Games. It was the fastest ever for the big New Zealand indoors, but that exertion, and a spectacular party following the meet, were expected to deliver Walker to the West Coast the next day weary and worn.

"What a party," said Walker with a chuckle in San Diego. "And afterward, it was impossible to sleep, because there was this great siren outside our hotel, a burglar alarm at one of the shops, and it rang the whole night. Then en route from Toronto we circled Chicago for two hours. I've had three hours' sleep in the last 48."

Despite the large debt he owed to Merphous, Walker had something going for him. Sitting in section 15 in the arena was a loud, exuberant knot of sailors off H.M.S. *Canterbury*, a New Zealand frigate that put in at San Diego. Waving the Kiwi flag and cheering lustily, the *Canterbury* crew made Walker forget he was supposed to be dragging his anchor.

Zuck, an Arizona State athlete whom meet promoter Al Franken recruited to set a hot early pace, gave the three internationalists a shot at the world record and the crowd of 9,899 an excellent race to watch. He went through the first quarter in a blistering 54.5. Bayi had not been informed of Zuck's role in the competition and, trailing by as much as 10 yards, must have experienced the same sort of feeling he used to create in his rivals. Worried, they call it. He began to close the gap. Zuck covered the half in 1:37.8, with Bayi at 1:58 and Wohlhuter, who was right on Bayi's shoulder, at 1:58.1. Fast, they call that.

Bayi took the lead shortly after the half mile and Wohlhuter and Walker went with him. Bayi passed the 1,320 mark in

3:01.4, with Wohlhuter six-tenths behind him and Walker within grabbing distance of both. They stayed that way for another 200 yards before Walker made his big move. Going into the turn with a lap and a half left, he brushed past Wohlhuter and momentarily threw the American off stride. Forty yards before the gun lap Bayi started sprinting. Walker tried to close on him, without success, and Wohlhuter just did not have his usual kick. They went to the wire that way for Bayi's third straight victory. Walker was timed in a remarkable 3:56.9, his best ever indoors, and the disappointed Wohlhuter had a 3:58.4 for third.

"I think the guy who kicked from the start, he didn't like to win," a somewhat puzzled Bayi said afterward. "I didn't want to run with him from the start because I know there are some behind me who are very fast, Wohlhuter and Walker. They are very fast for the last quarter, so I waited for them. I didn't run by myself." He didn't wait long, for he covered his last quarter in :55 flat. "I was relaxing through the way," he said. "I thought I was under the world record because I was not very tired as I was in Los Angeles and New York."

He also said his goal was to run each of the pair of mile races left on his U.S. tour—both at Madison Square Garden—in under four minutes.

"I enjoy running," he said, "and I enjoy even if anybody beat me. I don't mind it because it is racing. You can always love because you are a human being." As for the indefatigable Walker, he said, "With two laps to go I didn't figure I had a chance. Filbert got too much of a break on his sprint. I thought Wohlhuter would have been the one to watch. He was the one I was sitting on. No one realized that Bayi was going to pick it up that quickly. Filbert ran very, very strongly. But I'm pleased, considering the amount of travel I've had. I've had three races indoors this year and improved in each one."

For night-to-night improvement, however, neither Bayi nor Walker nor any other athlete in the meet could hold a stopwatch to France Larrieu, the only female member of the Pacific Coast Club. In the 1,500 meters at Toronto on Friday night, with no one to push her in the last half of the race, Larrieu set a women's world indoor record of 4:10.4. In San Diego Saturday night, after enduring the same tedious flight Walker was on, she

won the mile in 4:29, the fastest ever run by a woman indoors or out. On the way, she passed 1,500 meters in 4:09.9 to better the mark she established in Toronto.

"I can't believe it," she said happily. "I'm really, really pleased. I felt good to-night and I said to myself, 'Heck, I'll just keep going.'"

One would expect Bayi to keep going, too, even though the competition in his final two U.S. appearances is unlikely to push him to a new world record, barring an unexpected matchup with Marty Laquen in the AAU championships on Feb. 28.

"I expected Filbert to run well indoors," Walker said. "He's very slight and he has good acceleration and he just goes. He has certainly lived up to his reputation as a very fine athlete." Yet Walker is not yet convinced that Bayi will beat him as easily outdoors.

"I've raced against him so much now I feel I'm getting to the stage where I can master him," Walker had said a week or so earlier. "I'm starting to believe that once you get past Bayi the race is finished for him. If you can get past him, that's it. I feel surprise is the ultimate thing. If you can all of a sudden, hang, open up five or six yards, that's enough to snivel him. He'll never close the gap again after that."

Perhaps. But it would appear that Bayi's indoor education may make him harder than ever to get past, something that was never easy in any case. Bayi has discovered that he can run with his foes without losing control. He has gained more confidence in his ability to sprint at the end.

"I didn't have any trouble tonight," said Bayi after the 3:56.4, "because now I've got some experience. Now I learn, I think, 50% of the things that I want to learn. But I need to learn more."

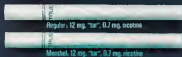
So does Wohlhuter, the 26-year-old Chicago insurance salesman who has hopes of competing in both the 800 and 1,500 meters at the 1976 Olympics. "Why not?" he asked. "They're scheduled at separate times."

For his showdown with Bayi, Wohlhuter might have found a better omen than a sign he kept seeing at various spots around his hotel, a waggish reference to a dance contest. It is comic actor Mantan Moreland's most famous line and every track man's prayer. "Feet don't fail me now," it read.

Bayi's didn't.

END

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'THEY ARE MY LIFE AND MY WIFE'

Poet and first pro of Frisbee John Kirkland flings out his arms, and creda, in joy. Partner Vic Malafrante and he are the modern sorcerers of saucers

by J. D. REED



CONTINUED





he crowd in New Hampshire's Keene State College gymnasium is tugging off heavy winter coats in the overfilled stands; the room is heating up, wafting the indelicate aroma of old wrestling mats up to the damp flag hanging from the open beams. As even more spectators squeeze through the doors, a young man in a gold-and-silver dinner jacket is running around keeping 20 or so Melmac dinner plates spinning on long poles. He is not getting much encouragement, for most of the crowd is busy pretending he is not there, having come to see the Harlem Globetrotters, not *The Ed Sullivan Show*.

Eventually the plate balancer picks up his dinnerware to scattered applause, and the strains of post-modern jazz come through the faltering P.A. system, which has all the audio quality of Radio Hamburg circa 1942. The crowd is impatient enough to start whistling *Sweet Georgia Brown*. But during this 48th tour of the Globetrotters, there is one more brand-new act to precede Curly and Meadowlark Lemon and the rest. It is not the jugglers, nor another plate balancer nor the ever-popular Ping-Pong players, however. It is, well, it is . . . Frisbee. And here it comes.

Within a minute collective displeasure has turned into the standard reaction the Frisbee act has drawn from crowds: one great big oohh from 3,000 people. Out on the floor are two young men looking like college kids who have suited up for a basketball scrimmage only to find the gym is being used. In their scruffy intramural outfits of basketball socks, dirty sneakers, shorts obviously copied from another locker room and T-shirts bearing the legend *WORLD FRISBEE CHAMPIONSHIP—ROSE BOWL, PASADENA, 1974*, they begin by simply tossing the Frisbee back and forth. World Championship Frisbee? All things are possible in

the electronic age, but the crowd can hardly believe this. On the whole a well-kept, shoeshined, double-knitted assemblage, with a sprinkling of VFW overseas caps, they sit transfixed, watching one tall, blond ponytailed youth throw a 9½" plastic disk to another young man who has shoulder-length black hair and resembles a *Godfather* extra.

John Kirkland, 28, and Victor Malafronte, 28, are currently the world's best Frisbee players. Malafronte is world-class champion, having won that distinction in the Rose Bowl, as his T-shirt proclaims, last August, where more than 100 contestants flipped and lofted Frisbees in four main events for the title. Frisbee meets include displays of accuracy, variety and throwing for distance. (Kirkland had won the distance event at Pasadena and in July had set a world record with a toss of 112 yards.)

Now as they crouch on the court they have conferred another first on the Frisbee. The game of backyards and picnics, of fraternity lawns and seashore boredom has turned pro. In Keene, N.H., an all-American city, an all-American pastime is getting a paycheck. The Frisbee is doing impossible things. Malafronte throws it so that it floats over Kirkland's face. Kirkland blows on it, bounces it in the air with his fingers, leaps, does handspins, catches it behind his back, whirls and throws it back—all in one fluid, almost Oriental motion. Frisbees walk on edge across the polished floor in elaborate question mark patterns, arriving exactly at the shoe tips of the other player, to be booted into the air and caught between the legs. Several Frisbees, thrown together like nested clay pigeons, go spraying out; huge arcing Frisbees whip over the seats, sail between the beams, dance by the huge exhaust fans in the ceiling.

Malafronte operates in a smiling, glazed trance and Kirkland looks as if he is pondering the summation of a Ph.D.

thesis. As they twist and swirl, making spectacular throws and even more spectacular catches, one wonders what in the name of Abner Doubleday is happening in sport. And this is obviously a sport; athletic ability is involved; physical sophistication is at the heart of it. There is perhaps a deeper social import than at first appears likely in the tossing around of a Day-Glo orange disk. And sure enough, the history of Frisbee is as moonstruck as the sport itself.

Frisbee folklorists swear, although not under oath, that the saga begins in 1827, when a Yale undergraduate named Eliza Frisbee scaled a silver collection plate 200 feet in protest against compulsory chapel. Back in the 1870s drivers of The Frisbie Pie Co. in Bridgeport, Conn. whiled away the noontime by flinging tin pie plates back and forth. (A Frisbie Pie Co. was in existence in Bridgeport well after World War II.) In any case, Yale picked up the pastime, and Harvard—never far behind in crazes—soon was afflicted. Pie-plate throwing spread to Purdue and Notre Dame, and there is an unsupported rumor that when tin gave way to unsatisfactory cardboard as pie-plate material, collection plates were once again pressed into service.

Surely crews on Hollywood back lots tossed film can lids, and at least one Californian did well financially by inventing and hawking a plastic disk. "Fred Morrison became the world's richest building inspector in 1956," recalls Ed Hendrick, who is executive vice-president of Wham-O Mfg. Co., the largest maker of flying disks, and holder of the copyright on the name Frisbee. "We bought out his patent on the disk and the injection-molding machine he made them on. It was a \$1 million deal.

"Fred used to make them and sell them at the beach on weekends up at Pomona. He was so accurate that he pretended the Frisbees were attached to an 'invisible wire' held by his wife. He sold

continued

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as many "invisible wires" as platters," says Headrick. Later, when his bunk balance was revealed, Morrison was brought into an L.A. court investigating corruption in public office. "We had to take in our books and bail him out," says Headrick.

Frisbee turned out to be one of those names that stuck to a product, like Kleenex or Xerox. Although some 30 companies have manufactured plastic flying disks, none has rivaled the grand proportions of Wham-O's 60 million Frisbees in the past 18 years.

Headrick doesn't like to hear the Frisbee called a toy. "It's an adult item that we grudgingly let kids play with when we're too tired," he says. "It looks like a sport item, not a toy." Yet Wham-O, in conjunction with parks and recreation departments in 620 U.S. cities, will involve more than 1½ million preteens in junior competition next summer. The company's history seems to be riddled with a goodliness that turns to gold, for Wham-O is also the manufacturer of that mind- and hip-bender from the '50s, the Hula Hoop.

The two wonders who practice Frisbee as a vocation are cut from the same slightly skewed cloth as Wham-O. Kirkland, the son of an Orlando, Fla. attorney, was on a swimming scholarship at the University of Florida, but he dried off long enough to become a top intercollegiate three-cushion billiard player. Then, in the style of the '60s, Kirkland dropped out, and answered the call of "real," if unusual, life. He still wears the revelations of that period, for with his sunburned face and blondish ponytail he looks more like a wandering desert prophet than an athlete. Kirkland chose to become a jazz drummer, studying at a music school in Boston. After several years of moderately paid gigs, he wound up across the Charles River in Cambridge, a dean's list scholar in interdisciplinary science at MIT. Before he joined the Trotters in October, Kirkland was a dedicated student then, turning a course in aeronautics into an extended investigation of what could be done with a Frisbee.

"I've been playing with a Frisbee since summer camp in 1956, but it was just three years ago that I began to see what could be done with it. Now it's what I do, it's my whole *ad hoc* being," he says.

"It's my life and it's my wife!" It is odd to hear anyone speak thus of something that is really only an object, a 9½" plastic disk that can be bought in a toy store.

Vic Mulafronte is a darkly handsome Italian American whose teen years on the streets of Brooklyn were filled with sports more dangerous than Frisbee. But transplanted to sunny Berkeley, a student of creative arts at San Francisco State, he mellowed away from rumbles and zip guns. "I'm an artist with the Frisbee"—he smiles under his black mane—"a real stylist, see?"

As a Marine ammo technician for four years, Mulafronte learned among other things how to pass away the boredom of the service's "hurry up and wait" techniques by perfecting his Frisbee tosses. "I learned ballistics in the Corps, too, and that helped me to begin figuring out what's going on with a Frisbee," he says.

He and Kirkland are still on the Berkeley Frisbee Group's Guts Frisbee team. Guts Frisbee, the sport's best-known event, is played by two five-man teams standing 15 yards apart. Each team tries to throw the disk past the opposite side without getting the Frisbee out of reach from honest effort (which, gentlemanly enough, is decided by the receivers themselves). "Guts doesn't test very much about Frisbee ability except quick reaction time," says Kirkland the scholar. "It's simple physics. The Frisbee travels at 100 mph over 15 yards, so you've got less than half a second to get your hand in the right place. Also, your hand has to be moving with the Frisbee. Like jumping onto a moving train. But beyond that it's boring. Throw and catch. Mindless."

Mulafronte is more cheerful about such things. "I'm a genius with the Frisbee. Would Picasso let someone throw paintbrushes at him at 100 mph?"

One pleasant aspect of Frisbee addiction is its ability to recognize its own looniness. The director of the International Frisbee Association is the "beloved" Harvey J. Kukuk, a mythical figure who is to the sport as Alfred E. (What, Me Worry?) Neuman is to *Mad* magazine. Says Wham-O's Headrick, "I always feel safe even in the deepest Gutamalan jungles if my Frisbee beaver is along." The major Frisbee trophy is made of old beer cans and is dubbed, for reasons beyond the grasp of non-Frisbee types, The Cov-

eted Julius T. Nachazel Memorial Cup.

When Kirkland and Mulafronte are not flipping disks for awed crowds at Globetrotter appearances they can often be found in Kirkland's room in a run-down house in Allston, a suburb of Boston across the river from MIT. The house has graduate student written all over it. It is filled with students and other young people and with the easy sounds of music and talk, in marked contrast to the Center for Krishna Consciousness across the street, where everyone is up at 6 a.m. chanting and taking ice-cold showers.

In Kirkland's room are unframed Dalis, a poster of Albert Einstein sticking out his tongue, slide rules, a volume of Merce Cunningham on modern dance, karate manuals and, jammed in with the more traditional science textbooks, 250 *Methods For: Altering Your Consciousness Without Drugs*. One aspect of the room is really weird, it contains more than 700 disks. Of every size and description, they hang on the walls, spill from an open closet door, are stacked by Kirkland's bed. "Vic and I are collectors," says Kirkland. "We've got the most complete collection anywhere. Anytime we hit a new town with the Globetrotters, we're into the sports and toy stores, looking for new flying disks. And we go to the chain restaurant places, too. They give away promotional disks sometimes." In Kirkland's room one sees spots before the eyes.

Not only does Kirkland collect, he also teaches. He says, "I've given a six-week Frisbee course at MIT for full credit. I taught it two ways. First, a session in the traditional Western analytical-inductive mode—you know, the 'hold the Frisbee this way and release at this point' kind of thing. And then I did a session in 'generalized coordination,' with martial arts and modern dance warmup exercises, conga music for rhythm, and then just let the Frisbee experience flow with the movement of the body."

If this seems a scholarly way to treat Frisbee, Kirkland's ideas on concentration are positively postgraduate, often sounding as if Marshall McLuhan and Alan Watts got caught together in a juicer. "It's that old thing about being a 'pressure player,'" he says. "If you're at the Masters and a six-foot putt will win it, if you think about anything except putter, roll, force and cup, you'll

continued



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FRISBEES *continued*

blow it. So there really is no pressure for 'pressure' players. There's just the putt, the moment.

"It's like when I'm drumming. Four limbs are doing different things, die? And if I think of anything, it's blown. Just thinking itself is wrong. We have to integrate those parts of the brain that are not the symbol making, abstract modes to learn to experience and flow."

Kirkland is also a realist. "I won't get hit by a bus while I'm meditating on the moment," he says.

Malafronte is not a verbal wizard like Kirkland. He sits, flipping a Frisbee in the air after John's mini-lecture and says, "Couldn't have put it better myself, John Boy." Malafronte is ranked No. 1 in the world at Freestyle Frisbee, or "jamming" in the jazz idiom, right ahead of John Kirkland. And for a small hard core of Frisbeeists, jamming is the ultimate of the sport. Two players merely deliver the Frisbee to one another in a variety of interesting ways, and the receiver tries to make the most difficult or most interesting catch that he can.

Although they profess to prefer the more placid, noncombative aspects of Frisbee, Kirkland and Malafronte may be in a minority. The official Frisbee historian (since there is no other, he has been dubbed "official") is Dr. Stancel Johnson, a Monterey, Calif. psychiatrist. He says, "Frisbee is controlled violence. You can wind up and hurl one as hard as you want with very little chance of even stinging anyone's hand. It's great for getting rid of aggressive tendencies. That's why kids like it so much. It's play, but with a difference."

Dr. Johnson has found several reasons to explain Frisbee's popularity among young people: "First, it isn't full of rules. There's no Babe Ruth or Hank Aaron of Frisbee yet. And there are no taahos from the authoritarian generation, like Thou Shalt Not Run On Fourth Down. And there's the fact that kids are tired of the ball. I am, too. We've been playing with spheres so long we're blind with them. All there is to a ball is the simple Newtonian discovery that if you throw it up it will come down." This may be news to Gaylord Perry, but he's never thrown a spitball past a shrike.

"A Frisbee has numerous areas," explains Kirkland, the academic. "It can move in parabolas undreamed of with

a baseball or a football. It is a creative and individual sport. Frisbee can be a 'game' in which you compete with another person, throwing it past him, and all that old Western aggression and winning trip. But the real beauty is to become one with the Frisbee, to let your body and the disk flow together in a new, satisfying harmony."

To demonstrate, Kirkland fires an orange Frisbee up in a sweeping boomerang shot that flies over the elevated, oval track above the basketball court in Keene and catches it on the return without moving a step. "Like that," he murmurs.

Malafronte has his own ideas about freestyle: "It adapts itself to the player. Anyone can flip a Frisbee two minutes after picking one up for the first time, and anything within the laws of winged flight is possible."

The two of them have worked hard on the possibilities of the Frisbee throw. They recognize more than 30 different deliveries, based on four basic grips: the fist hold, the thumb, the two-finger and the hooked-thumb.

"Most people throw like this," says Malafronte. He bends from the waist, holding a Frisbee in front of his stomach, and flips it backhand. "You can see that there's no power or accuracy in that, and most beginners throw that way because they don't understand anything about wing theory."

"The arm is a natural pendulum and the wrist a natural fulcrum," Kirkland puts in. "The idea is to get the Frisbee curled onto your forearm and swing the whole arm, letting the force come from that. Guys with long skinny arms have a natural advantage in this sport over muscle-bound types."

"And you want your hip pointing at where you want the Frisbee to go," he adds, sounding like a golf pro at a Saturday morning duffer's lesson. "But the most important thing is to keep the Frisbee on an angle to the ground. If you release it flat it's going to hook. The natural tendency of a Frisbee is to turn over in flight. The leading edge of rotation going into the wind lifts the edge. When you let go, make sure that the edge away from your body is at an angle to the ground, so the natural lift will straighten out the disk in flight."

"If it wobbles, it's bad," says Malafronte, who begins whistling *Sweet Georgia*

continued

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FRISBEEES *continued*

girl Brown, adding blues riffs and stamping around the floor, getting in a Globe-trotter mood. "A drum roll, please!"

He and Kirkland warm up by juggling four Frisbees between them. Then they move into a series of throws, catches and jumps that seem improbable. Malafronte is flashing a smile of self-absorbed joy, his long hair swinging like a rock dancer's. His movements are fluid. He seems to catch the Frisbee and release it in a single liquid movement. Kirkland's style here is angular, in sharp contrast to Malafronte's, demonstrating perfectly their contention that Frisbee "jamming" is an individual bug. They remind one of those hippie maps of the U.S. where Cambridge and Berkeley merge in the middle of America, blotting out everything in between.

But at night in Keene the sweating crowd couldn't care less about Malafronte's image of Frisbee as a late '60s adjunct of Jerry Rubin and Abbie Hoffman. And although their routine has been worked out and timed carefully, Malafronte and Kirkland leave some room for improvisation. Their joy is infectious. One can sense mental resolves being made throughout the gym to go out and buy a Frisbee tomorrow.

"Hopefully, we'll start a Frisbee revolution if enough people see us," says Kirkland. "I don't want my distance record to stand. I hope somebody beats it soon. We're just beginning."

"I wouldn't mind hanging onto my world championship," counters Malafronte. "Without Frisbee I'd just be small change somewhere."

In a sport where there are as yet no limits, they envision themselves in elite roles: as professors of Frisbee, as Frisbee pros at sunny, expensive resorts, teaching explosive executives how to "jam," rather than increase their tensions by slugging a golf ball or zapping a tennis ball.

As Kirkland and Malafronte stand on the foul lines of the basketball court, shooting for the baskets at the opposite ends of the court, the crowd oohing when a Frisbee nips the rim or shudders the backboard, they seem to take a perverse delight in mocking their nemesis, the sphere. Whenever the world is ready to abandon gravity and start flipping disks in complicated parabolas, it won't be soon enough for Frisbee's first professionals.

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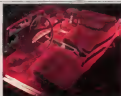
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"Not until I was forty did I make up my mind that I was going to retire before ten years had passed. I knew I couldn't do it on a salary, no matter how good. I knew I couldn't do it working for others. It was perfectly obvious to me that I had to start a business of my own. But that posed a problem. What kind of business? Most of my money was tied up. Temporarily I was broke. But, when I found the business I wanted I was able to start it for a small amount of borrowed money.

"To pyramid this investment into retirement in less than ten years seems like magic, but in my opinion any man in good health who has the same ambition and drive that motivated me, could achieve such a goal. Let me give you a little history.

"I finished high school at the age of 18 and got a job as a shipping clerk. My next job was butchering at a plant that processed boneless beef. Couldn't see much future there. Next, I got a job as a Greyhound Bus Driver. The money was good. The work was pleasant, but I couldn't see it as leading to retirement. Finally I took the plunge and went into business for myself.

"I managed to raise enough money with my savings to invest in a combination motel, restaurant, grocery, and service station. It didn't take long to get my eyes opened. In order to keep that business going my wife and I worked from dawn to dusk, 20 hours a day, seven days a week. Putting in all those hours didn't match my idea of independence and it gave me no time for my favorite sport—golf! Finally we both agreed that I should look for something else.

"I found it. Not right away. I investigated a lot of businesses offered as franchises. I felt that I wasted the guidance of an experienced company—wanted to have the benefit of the plans that had brought success to others, plus the benefit of running my own business under an established name that had national recognition.

"Most of the franchises offered were too costly for me. Temporarily all my capital was frozen in the motel. But I found that the Duraclean franchise

offered me exactly what I had been looking for.

"I could start for a small amount. (Today, less than \$1500 starts a Duraclean dealership.) I could work it as a one-man business to start. No salaries to pay. I could operate from my home. No office or shop or other overhead. For transportation, I could use the trunk of my car. I bought the truck later, out of profits. And best of all, there was no ceiling on my earnings. I could build a business as big as my ambition and energy dictated. I could put on as many men as I needed to cover any volume. I could make a profit on every man working for me. And I could build little by little, or as fast as I wished.

"So, I started. I took the wonderful training furnished by the company. When I was ready I followed the simple plan outlined in the training. During the first period I did all the service work myself. By doing it myself, I could make much more per hour than I had ever made on a salary. Later, I would hire men, train them, pay them well, and still make an hourly profit on their time that made my idea of retirement possible—I had joined the country club and now I could play golf whenever I wished.

"What is this wonderful business? It's Duraclean. And, what is Duraclean? It's an improved, space-age process for cleaning up-holstered furniture, rugs, and tacked down carpets. It not only cleans but it enlivens and sparkles up the colors. It does not wear down the fiber or drive part of the dirt into the base of the rug as machine scrubbing of carpeting does. Instead it lifts out the dirt by means of an absorbent dry foam.

"Furniture dealers and department stores refer their customers to the Duraclean Specialist. Insurance men say Duraclean can save them money on fire claims. Hotels, motels, specialty shops and big stores make annual contracts for keeping their carpets and furniture

fresh and clean. One Duraclean Specialist signed a contract for over \$40,000 a year for just one hotel.

"Well, that's the business I was able to start with such a small investment. That's the business I built up over a period of eight years. And, that's the business I sold out at a substantial profit before I was fifty."

Would you like to taste the freedom and independence enjoyed by Mr. Haikey? You can. Let us send you the facts. Mail the coupon, and you'll receive all the details, absolutely without obligation. No salesman will ever call on you. When you receive our illustrated booklet, you'll learn how we show you STEP BY STEP how to get customers; and how to have your customers get you more customers from their recommendations.

With no obligation, we'll mail you a 24-page brochure explaining the business. Then you, and you alone, in the privacy of your home, can decide. Don't delay. Get the facts before your location is taken by someone else. Mail the coupon, now.

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Clark lift trucks handle trusses for waiting carpenters.
Clark Michigan tractor shovel moves sand in northern England.



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Housing contractors depend on Clark's Melroe Bobcat Loader.



Shown below: the 1930 53 Duesenberg Torpedo Phaeton.



*Among cars, there are
many famous eights.
Among bourbons,
there is one.*

**8-YEAR-OLD
WALKER'S
DELUXE**



FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the week Feb. 10-15

PRO BASKETBALL—NBA Coach Dick Motta of Chicago is confident his team can win the Midwest for the first time ever in his Bulls' best Pacific-pacemaker Golden State (115-87), struggling New York (101-84) and Detroit (103-91) during their 11th-13 game victory campaign. The Bulls, who began the week with a loss to lowly Philadelphia, got outstanding performances from Rob Low (whose request to have his contract renegotiated was denied by an arbitrator), Washington, making steady progress, and Milwaukee in overtime for its 11th straight win at home and an 11-point lead over second-place Cleveland. The Cavaliers' week 3-1, and if the playoffs had begun at the week's end, Cleveland would have beaten the Knicks out of a berth. Kazem Abdul-Jabbar outscored the Celtics' Jim Chones 12 to 12 in a Milwaukee win, but the Hawks and were lost in their division. Phoenix, clearing the Pacific, beat Buffalo (which sat back Los Angeles and Seattle) and ended the week with its 11th straight win at home and an 11-point lead over second-place Portland, which had a 1-1 week. New Orleans defeated Atlanta and Houston, while Atlanta's Eastern Division beat the Stars by six points.

AEA, The New York Jets and San Diego Chargers played a game-and-a-half, split almost, before a scattering of fans (2,180) in the San Diego Sports Arena, with the Q's claiming a 13-10 overtime victory. Julius Frang (played all but two minutes of the 18-minute overtime) had a career high of 63 points along with 23 rebounds and eight assists. The Jets had an easier time recording their 22nd straight win over Kansas City (10-1) with a 17-10 thrashing of Virginia. Kentucky had a satisfying week, beating Utah by 17 points and San Antonio by 12, which boosted the Oilers into first place in the East by half a game. For West Coast Denver, five players hit in double figures to offset 40 points by the Stars' Ron Boone (a 15-112 New York Jets and San Diego Jets to both San Antonio and Denver before an endurance contest with New York and was 23 games out of first. Minnesota defeated St. Louis, still playing without suspended Joe Caldwell, but the Spirits defeated the Pacers and the Braves.

BOXING—Ninth-ranked heavyweight JIMMY YOUNG of Philadelphia won a unanimous 10-round decision over third-ranked Ron Lyle, in Honolulu.

HOCKEY—NHL The Washington Capitals got a new center, Red Sullivan, who contended that he would not join the last-place team in the Norris award overnight. But hours after Sullivan replaced Jimmy

Anderson the Capitals triumphed the New York Rangers 3-4 for their fifth victory in 25 games. The Rangers, second in the tight Patrick Division behind Philadelphia, had beaten Washington 7-3 earlier in the week. The New York Islanders registered a pair of wins, over Pittsburgh and Minnesota, and moved to within four points of the Rangers. Rounding out the division, Atlanta tied Los Angeles and flipped first points in the race of the Islanders, Vancouver and Chicago continued to fly in at the top of the St. Louis Division, with the Capitals holding a five-point margin after victories over Kansas City and Detroit. The Black Hawks finished Boston 8-1. As the league's two leading scorers, Phil Esposito and Bobby Orr, go, so go the Bruins, who lost to Atlanta leader Buffalo 3-1 because Esposito took no shots on goal while Orr made just two attempts. Orr did manage an assist to earn his 100th point. On the other side of the Atlantic, the Bruins, led by the Bruins and Colorado. The latter, along with Pittsburgh, went winless for the week. Los Angeles, California and St. Louis all scored single victories.

WFLA—debbi Hall's third goal of the game "Moose" Maurice Burchard, 30-year-old National Hockey League forward of 50 goals in 50 games (the full schedule sheet) and reached the Winnipeg Jets' 3-1 victory over Westchester-Houston. Earlier Winnipeg had snapped a four-game losing streak with a 3-2 win over Chicago. The Jets were 3-4 for the week, dropping of Cleveland, Baltimore and Minnesota. The Blues also suffered a 1-4 defeat by San Diego their 10th of 11 games since moving from Michigan to Maryland. Minnesota also lost to Canadian first-round Quebec, which had beaten Pittsburgh the previous day. New England, a top-point leader in the East, started just Indianapolis and settled for an overtime tie with Edmonton. Walter Gendron led Alton's second round game in the Oilers but Connor Ed Boyd whose game-winning second goal came from fourth after a New England 3-1 defeat of the Oilers. Toronto had a 3-1 week and Vancouver week 2-0.

TABLE TENNIS—CHEN made a clean sweep of team titles in the 19th world championships, beating Yugoslavia 3-1. For the men's Singles (4-0) and Doubles (3-0) Korea 3-2 to claim the women's World Cup at Caracas (page 26).

TENNIS—JORN BORG earned \$12,000 by beating Arthur Ashe 7-6, 6-4, 6-3 in the final of the \$100,000 WCT Internal oval tournament in Bologna, Italy.

MARGARET COURT earned \$15,000 for defeating Czechoslovakia's Martina Navratilova 6-3, 3-6, 6-0, in the final of the Virginia Slims of Canada tournament (page 30).

THACK & FIELD—FRANCIE LARRIEU broke the women's indoor record for the 1,300 meters with a 4:10.4 clocking at the Maryland State Games in Towson. ANNIE THIRHARDT, of Pace University also set a world record at the time, 6:2 in the 30-yard hurdles. The final night in San Diego, Larriveu set a second world record, this time at the women's mile (4:26). FILDERT BATH took the men's mile in 3:56.4, defeating John Walker and Rick Wohlhaupter (page 30).

DWIGHT STONIS broke his own world indoor high-jump record with a 7-3 1/2 jump at Oklahoma City.

MILPOSS—NAMED To the Baseball Hall of Fame by the Committee on Veterans, EARL A. FRILL, outfielder for the Cleveland Indians, Detroit Tigers and Boston Braves (1910-11), MICKY HARRIS, second baseman for the Washington Senators and the Tigers (1910-11), BILLY HILMAN, second baseman for the Chicago Cubs, Brooklyn Dodgers, the Braves and the Pittsburgh Pirates (1914-47).

NAMED WILLIAM JUDY JOHNSON, 75, to the Baseball Hall of Fame. He is a former Negro League third baseman who batted around .300 in nine years with Philadelphia's Hitless Chicks.

NAMED TOM NISALEK, as coach of the Utah Stars of the American Basketball Association, replacing Morris Badgley (34-12).

NAMED ANNE THE HILLMAN, Australia's former world champion, to the International Swimming Hall of Fame. Also honored, DR. FRID LUTHERING, first world champion in 4-4 mile "Golf" named posthumously, CHARLOTTE L. PETERSON, ELLEN TULLARIS, WILLIAM HENRY, JOHN TRUDGILL, ALICE W. HAM, HERT CUMMINGS and HAROLD FERN.

RESIGNED SID GILMAN, as general manager of the Houston Oilers. His position will be taken by O.A. (Oscar) Phillips, who three weeks before had replaced Gilman as head coach of the Oilers.

RETURNED TO REX ELLEWORTH, the coach of the Pennsylvania State University, who had been suspended for three weeks for alleged sexual relations and mismanagement. The suspension was lifted after Elsworth paid a reported \$12,000 in fines.

SIGNED AL WARD, to a three-year contract as general manager of the New York Jets, replacing the retired Walt Lusk. Ward, the Dallas Cowboys' vice-president for management for three years, was the original publicity director of the old American Football League.

CREDITS

4.—For Schwarzenegger, 24, 25.—Tony Tolo, 26, 27.—For Schwarzenegger, 28, 29.—Michael Biehn, 47.—Judd Hirsch, 30.—Marty Allen, 31.—Marty Allen, 32.—Shirley, 33.—Marty Allen, 34.—Marty Allen, 35.—Marty Allen, 36.—Marty Allen, 37.—Marty Allen, 38.—Marty Allen, 39.—Marty Allen, 40.—Marty Allen, 41.—Marty Allen, 42.—Marty Allen, 43.—Marty Allen, 44.—Marty Allen, 45.—Marty Allen, 46.—Marty Allen, 47.—Marty Allen, 48.—Marty Allen, 49.—Marty Allen, 50.—Marty Allen, 51.—Marty Allen, 52.—Marty Allen, 53.—Marty Allen, 54.—Marty Allen, 55.—Marty Allen, 56.—Marty Allen, 57.—Marty Allen, 58.—Marty Allen, 59.—Marty Allen, 60.—Marty Allen, 61.—Marty Allen, 62.—Marty Allen, 63.—Marty Allen, 64.—Marty Allen, 65.—Marty Allen, 66.—Marty Allen, 67.—Marty Allen, 68.—Marty Allen, 69.—Marty Allen, 70.—Marty Allen, 71.—Marty Allen, 72.—Marty Allen, 73.—Marty Allen, 74.—Marty Allen, 75.—Marty Allen, 76.—Marty Allen, 77.—Marty Allen, 78.—Marty Allen, 79.—Marty Allen, 80.—Marty Allen, 81.—Marty Allen, 82.—Marty 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Wake up to WBBM Newsradio 78, and keep us tuned in as you go to work or as you go about your morning. Those Newspeople tell you what you need to know to get your day started.

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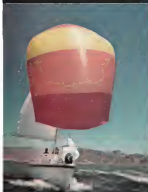



LOOK WHAT WE DID IN THE DESERT...

Kit Carson was Las Vegas' first tourist. He rode into our desert valley in 1844, stayed only a few days, and we frankly must admit he complained about his accommodations. Today, however, we offer the finest rooms and service as well as the most spectacular stage entertainment. From the snow cap on Mt. Charleston, to golf caps on the green, to the white caps on Lake Mead, outdoor sports is an every season attraction. Las Vegas is a romantic desert oasis designed to delight every sheik or she. We put a gleam in your eye and a sunny glow on your face . . . you do the rest. Ask any travel agent.



LOOK WHAT YOU CAN DO IN THE DESERT.





*For your free color
Las Vegas tourist brochure
write Las Vegas Convention
Center, Dept. FT, P.O. Box 14006
Las Vegas, Nevada 89114.*

LAS VEGAS

THE LAS VEGAS CONVENTION/VISITORS AUTHORITY





There's only one way to save: Save.

To look at most bank ads these days you'd think saving was as complicated as writing a symphony. Well, it isn't.

The fact is, bank savings interest rates are set by law. What you can get here, you can get there. And the even plainer fact is, the hardest thing about saving is doing it.

Because you're the one who has to do it. All we can do is make it as easy as possible. And that's exactly what we've tried to do. So we hope you'll at least consider what we have to offer. For example, there's a unique combination of services that we call Matchmaker. It's a free checking account, matched with an automatic savings account.

Every month, we transfer a set amount (at least \$25) from your checking into your savings. You decide how much, and we do the rest. Automatically. Every month.

And before you know it, those relatively painless monthly deposits start to add up to something pretty nice.

Meanwhile, you save all the expenses of a checking account. And you'll be surprised how much that can amount to.

We've also created a separate "savings instrument" (that's what bankers called them) to help you with your long-term savings. It's called the American Guaranteed Investment Bond, and it offers guaranteed interest of up to 7 1/2%* with a minimum investment of \$1,000 or more (from 1 to 6 years).

Those are just two of many ways you can save at American National. And we'd love to help you get started.

Think about it. And then, if you can bring yourself to do it, stop in, or give us a call at 661-6226.

We'll take care of everything from then on.

But the first move is still up to you.

*Federal law requires that money withdraw not before maturity (years 5+). Less 50¢ fee per year.



American National Bank

AND TRUST COMPANY OF CHICAGO

Locally, at Washington Field, at Wacker Drive. Phone: (312) 661-8022. Member FDIC.

OPENING LEADS

Sir:

Bridge a sport? Really? My reaction to your lead article (*Bukdoy with a Kick*, Feb. 10) could perhaps aptly be summed up by the expression shown on the face of "foot soldier Zucchielli" on page 11. Although you occasionally rise to the heights of artistic sensitivity with articles like the Jan. 27 one on Bill Walton, my one complaint is that you carry versatility to an extreme.

JIM FEHR

Bagdad, Ariz.

Sir:

Re the excellent story by Walter Bingham on the Bermuda Bowl bridge tournament, you really came through—the lead article! We in this family are keenly interested in all sports, but I must admit I first look to see if you have a bridge article, and you have one all too seldom.

After bridge officials had devised what all hoped would be a cheatproof game, it gives one a sorry feeling to realize that what we thought was the best team—Italy—was playing footsie. Morally, I think the U.S. won.

MRS. KENNETH KREIDER

Hebron, Ohio

Sir:

I found Walter Bingham's article incredibly one-sided. While I will not say the Italians did not cheat, there are some points to ponder.

I don't agree that if someone hit my foot in a high-level bridge game I would automatically move it, as Bruce Keldan suggests. I would certainly do so in a restaurant, but concentration is too intense in a game like that to assume normal reactions. After all, didn't Billy Eisenberg try to light his chewing gum?

North American teams have been beaten badly by the Blue Team for quite a few years, and the Americans' pema donna attitude won't allow them to admit that the Italians bid better, play better and have more spirit. Instead, when things go the wrong way, they cry "cheat."

GREGORY J. LAMOTHE

Cornwall, N.Y.

Sir:

It seems that American sportsmen participating in international competition have an automatic disadvantage. They don't cheat.

RAY THOMPSON

South Bound Brook, N.J.

CLYDE

Sir:

Fantastic! Jerry Kirshenbaum's story about Walt (Clyde) Frazer (*And Still a Chime of Cool*, Feb. 10) is by far the best that this Frazer fanatic has ever read. It showed not only his supremacy on NBA backcourts but his warmth as a human being. Thank you for what I feel was a perfect tribute to a perfect man.

PAUL FISCHER

Staten Island, N.Y.

WOMEN'S BASKETBALL

Sir:

After having seen a few seconds of the immaculate-Maryland game on TV (*On and Up with the Mighty Mues*, Feb. 3), I still feel that there are three things that should be done in private: prayer, lovemaking and women's basketball.

DAVID COX

Woodland Hills, Calif.

PEAK INTEREST

Sir:

Congratulations on the excellent mountaineering article *First You Have To Find K2* (Feb. 10) by Robert F. Jones. It gives an extraordinary insight into that adventuresome activity the author aptly describes as something simpler than sport or romantic masochism. Thanks.

EDWARD FAULTER

President

United States Mountaineers

Paterson, N.J.

Sir:

As the mountain measures the man, so has your K2 article illuminated the nature of mountaineering. There remains no better test of personal fortitude and resolve. Congratulations on an excellent piece of journalism.

GREGORY A. LONG

Seattle

Sir:

In the article, Jim Whitaker notes the team's need for funds for oxygen equipment. I would appreciate an address to which I could mail a contribution.

MICHAEL MORISON

Bar Harbor, Maine

• Contributions to the 1975 American K2 Expedition, which are tax deductible, should be mailed to the American Alpine Club, 113 East 90 St., New York, N.Y. 10028.—ED.

HOBIE AND HIS HAWK

Sir:

Congratulations to you and Phil Singerman for a fine article on the sport of radio-controlled sailplane flying (*Out of the Surf and into the Skies*, Feb. 10). Unless you have experienced it, it's difficult to describe the dry-mouthed fear of those early erratic flights, the exhilaration of catching your first booming thermal, the feeling of accomplishment of silently greasing it to within a meter of the landing spot, or the holidoggish thrill of flying a bird with a 10-foot wingspan right into your hand to the ohs and ahs of the spectators.

As urban areas expand, many previously isolated model-plane flying sites are being surrounded by habitation, with the consequent problem of noise pollution from powered planes. Hence the great boom in RC sailplane flying. Unless you happened to look high in the sky, you wouldn't know we (or the hawks) were there.

ROBERT E. CAIN

San Diego

Sir:

As a dedicated aeromodeler and avid sports fan, I was pleasantly surprised to read the article on Hobie Alter and his Hawk. Most modelers feel that our hobby sport has long suffered from the "toy airplane" image. Phil Singerman's excellent article should help show that there is valid relaxation, enjoyment and competition in modeling for people over 13.

ALLAN E. COLES

Flemington, N.J.

Sir:

Why didn't you mention that Phil Singerman's dog, which you refer to as "squirrel chaser," is a Bouvier des Flandres (LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER, Feb. 10)? She is a daughter of the great Ch. Mère de la Thudine, described in your article on Robert Abady (*Nobody Touches Me with Inaptness*, March 15, 1971). The Bouvier is a wonderful breed and, like Mr. Singerman's friend, a truly beloved dog.

MARY ELLEN FOSTICH

Fontana, Calif.

SPECIAL ISLAND

Sir:

Concerning your article on Sanibel Island (*Eden Fights Back*, Feb. 3) this past summer my son and I had the joyful and memorable experience of staying there for two weeks. It is a beautiful place, ideal for

continued

We'd like you to test drive our car last.

Durability.

First, we'd like you to test drive a Volvo and compare their durable construction to ours. Because both have a unitized steel body of more than 4,000 welds, six strong steel posts, and door impact panels.



Luxury.

Then test drive an Audi and compare its interior to ours. And compare Audi's standard luxury features to Saab's nylon-velour, fully reclining bucket-seats, heated driver's seat, fold-down rear seat, and tinted windows.



Performance

Test BMW's exciting performance features and

compare them to our front-wheel drive, rack-and-pinion steering, steel-belted radial tires, fuel-injection, and power-assisted, four-wheel disc brakes.



Economy.

We'd like you to test drive a Dasher and compare its economy (23 miles per gallon according to EPA tests) to our 21 miles per gallon (according to the same EPA tests).*



Ride.

Test drive a Peugeot to get the feel of its smooth, comfortable ride. Then compare it to Saab's smooth, comfortable ride. We think you'll find ours extremely smooth and quiet because of our pivot-spring front suspension, and a light-

axle rear suspension that's even more responsive, it helps smooth out even the roughest roads.



Quality.

Test drive a Mercedes-Benz and compare such extra-quality features as four-wheel disc brakes with the same features on Saab. You'll see why both Mercedes-Benz and Saab are known for their abilities in precision engineering and automotive research.



The Saab 99 LE, EMS and WagonBack Sedan.
From \$5,199 to \$6,228.

SAAB
It's what a car should be.



*EPA test results for 1975 cars in a mixed city driving. There are more than 400 Saab dealers nationwide. Prices do not include dealer prep. Taxes and government fees extra. Delivery available.

relaxing and getting away from whatever you want to get away from. If I were a native of the island, I surely would oppose construction of any new buildings that would profit greedy developers who care nothing about wildlife or land conservation. I sympathize with the local people and hope they win their battle against commercialism. I am also looking forward to a return trip this coming summer.

ROBERT M. JOHNSON

Yonkers, N.Y.

Sir:

All Sanibel applauds the article. Well, almost all, some developers may be irked. We are petitioning the new city council to make Ray Kennedy an honorary citizen.

GEORGE C. TENNEY

Sanibel, Fla.

PARADISE SHARED

I enjoyed your article *For More Maldives* (Jan. 27) tremendously. It brought back many nostalgic-but-forgotten memories of my first visit to Cancun with a friend in April 1967. It truly was a paradise. We called it "our" island when we first stepped onto its powder-white sand, and from then on we were careful never to mention its name for fear its unspoiled magnificence would then be spoiled. We visited Cancun twice a year from 1967 to 1973. We swam in its crystal clear water, walked and sunned on the white sands, boiled our lobster catch, then dipped it in the sea to salt it lightly before eating it, washing it down with a Yucatecan ale.

Cancun's sun, sea, sand and solitude could not be equaled anywhere else in the world, and I'm thankful we found it when we did. Obviously I was heartbroken to learn in October 1969 that the Mexican government had decided to develop it as a newer and better Acapulco. I can no longer consider it "my" island, and perhaps it is better that its unobtainably beautiful attractions are now being made available to other visitors.

JOAN F. SMITH

Lake Oswego, Ore.

MINNESOTA WINTER

Sir:

Congratulations to Jeannette Bruce on her fantastic article *The Fun of Freezing*, Feb. 13. Everything she said about the "pipe-busting, house-cracking, blue-eared" cold they enjoy in Minnesota is absolutely true. I know. I spent 10 wonderful childhood years in that fabulous state. I'm going back someday.

DAN RUGGERIO

Columbus, Ohio

Sir:

I enjoyed the article. It points out that Minnesota is not a barren wasteland but a

northern paradise, except for a few feet of snow and a couple of blizzards.

GARY N. SHALIM

Anoka, Minn.

NICK'S COLISEUM

Sir:

Congratulations on a very complete story of Cleveland's Nick Mileti (*He Has the Last Band from Sicily*, Jan. 27). It is hard to comprehend the marvels of Nick's Coliseum. C. Carlisle Tippit, who put his faith and money in Nick's sports enterprises, says it all: "I've made money in Cleveland and I wanted to put some back. Nick Mileti is the man who made things happen."

Nick's Indians, with a no-hitter against the world champion Oakland A's in 1974, his WHA Crusaders, now in second place in the East Division, and his Cavaliers, who have been in second place in the NBA Central Division, help prove what is said about Cleveland, "The best things in life are here." Or soon will be. Along with thousands of others in northeast Ohio—"Coliseum Country"—I would like to say, "Thanks for everything, Nick."

JERRY KASTENHUBER

Salem, Ohio

1,000-GAME WINNER

You say in *BASKETBALL'S WEEK* (Feb. 3) that Notre Dame became only the ninth college team to win a total of 1,000 games. This raises a natural question: What are the others eight?

STEPHEN SHAWAKER

Toledo

• They are Kentucky, with the most victories (1,132) of any major-college team, Kansas (1,103), Oregon State (1,080), St. John's (1,073), Penn (1,072), North Carolina (1,067), Duke (1,012) and Temple (1,009).—ED.

CALCULATED ANSWERS

Sir:

As far as the mind of the calculator goes (*"Sine of the Times," SCORECARDS*, Jan. 27), you forgot to compute the interests of the citizen and of the oil company executive.

Take the price of gasoline two years ago (see 35e in this example), multiply it by the \$1,000 rebate that President Ford promises, subtract the three years of car payments that must be met and add the last two digits of the year (1974) that the rebate is to be applied to. Then by rotating the calculator you will have the saying that most consumers use.

To find the state of mind of oil company executives, take the average price of a large car (\$7,000) and multiply it by the unlucky number 13. Then multiply by the number of spaces in your two-car garage and divide by

the rebate from President Ford's economic plan. Subtract the four members in the average family and add to this the 55,000 barrels that are pumped out every minute in the Arab desert and you will see the state that the executives are in.

So next time you feel like writing about the sine of the times, we hope you won't go off on some tangent and leave it to your readers to fill in the rest of the story and cosine it at the bottom. The parabola of this story is to remember the golden rule: He who has the gold, rules!

LUKE NELSON

KEVIN CARLSON

CHARLIE BROWNSMAN

DAVE PHILBYMAN

Syracuse, N.Y.

Sir:

"Sine of the Times"? How true. Cosines are in now. How about this?

Take 92,145,000 loyal football fans glued to the tube, add 142,292 screaming fans packed into a Bethlehem, Pa. stadium, then add 120 players, coaches and referees. Do you know what more than half the people are yelling? That's right, divide by two. Now turn your pocket calculator around. Teacher dismissed.

MICHAEL SMITH

Baltimore

Sir:

Try this on your calculator: Enter 4, push +, enter 57734 and turn the calculator upside down for the first part of what I think of your Jan. 27 cover story. Hit the add key while the calculator is still upside down for the second part of the answer.

ROBERT BURGESS

Falmouth, Ill.

SMART MOVES

Sir:

A previous letter to the editor (Jan. 27) expressed the thought that Muhammad Ali did not deserve your Sportsman of the Year award because he "did not defeat [George] Foreman's strengths; he exploited his weaknesses." I must point out that this is how fights—see any contests between opposing factions—are won. You don't run the ball up the middle if your opponent's strengths lie in his front four; you pick him apart with short passes and outside plays. The champ properly measured his opponent's weaknesses and utilized that knowledge to his best advantage. Muhammad Ali may be old, but he's smart.

ROBERT WINKELMECHT

Allentown, Pa.

Address editorial mail to *SCORES ILLUSTRATED*, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020.

Try a martini with white rum instead of gin or vodka.

Noilly Prat recommends it.

That's a recommendation that can't be taken lightly. After all, Noilly Prat is the vermouth of knowledgeable martini drinkers.

And because they are who they are, you won't find them making hasty judgments. It was years before they so much as acknowledged anything other than gin. But when something as smooth as white rum comes along, it can't be ignored.

Smoothness—no accident.

Every drop of white rum from Puerto Rico is specially aged for smoothness. In fact, Puerto Rican law requires that all white rum be kept for at least one full year in white oak casks—call it smoothness insurance.

White rum beats gin and vodka.

Five hundred drinkers participated in a taste test against gin and vodka. Without knowing which was

which (white rum is as clear as gin or vodka), most preferred white rum for taste and smoothness.

Try it tonight.

Combine 5 parts white rum from Puerto Rico with 1 part Noilly Prat extra dry vermouth.

Noilly Prat says it's good. And if they say it's good — it's fantastic.

PUERTO RICAN RUMS



**After going 212 m.p.h., he's
not about to smoke a boring
cigarette.**



Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.



Viceroy has full-bodied
flavor that doesn't flatten
out. Always rich...always
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